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THE AMERICAN SPECTATOR®

MARCH 1986 A MONTHLY REVIEW EDITED BY R. EMMETT TYRRELL, JR.

Sobran on Buckley • Brookhiser on Byzantium

Arch Puddington: East Bloc Ecology

Joan Frawley: Liberal Theology at Work

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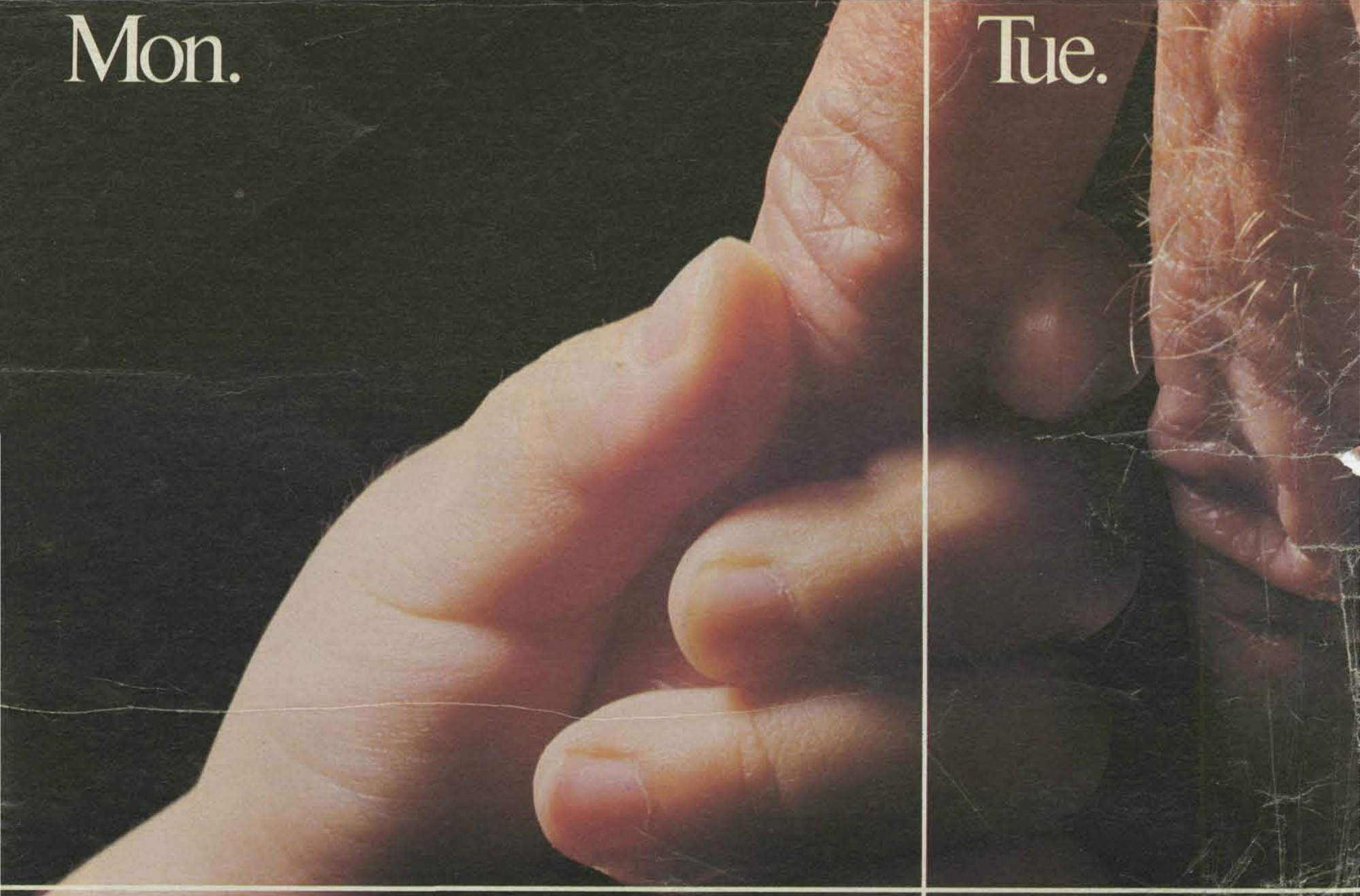

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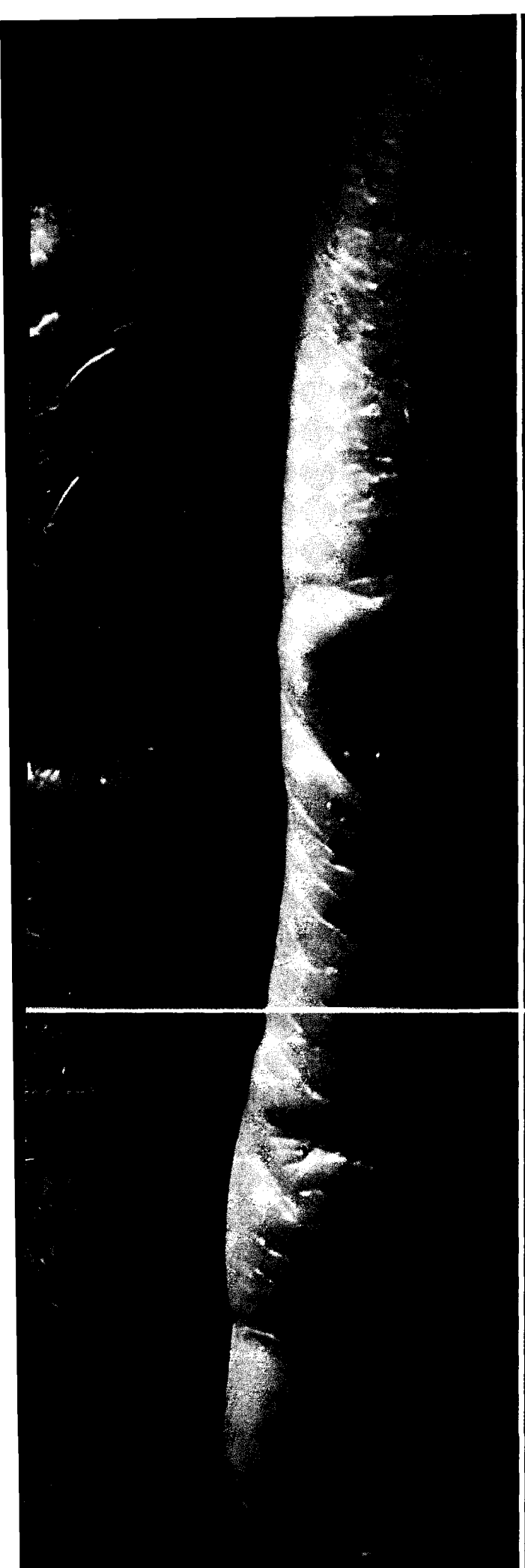

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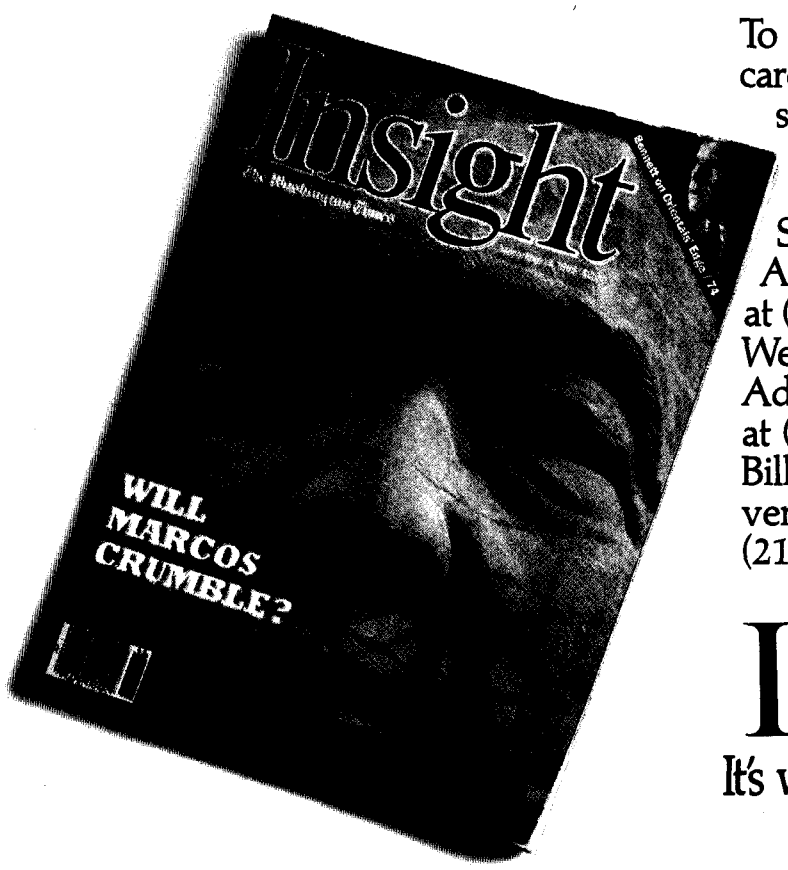

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THE AMERICAN SPECTATOR

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THE CONTINUING CRISIS

•January, and the new year was swept in on great gusts of air, both cold and hot. The cold hit most cruelly in the northern states, particularly Minnesota, where blasts reached 75 miles per hour; but the hot air blew everywhere. Its main domestic source was Governor Mario Cuomo who, struck by the mid-winter blahs, lit out from Albany for the hustings, maligning syndicated columnists as he went. First to get his Irish up was the inerrable team of Evans and Novak, who dared report that some pols considered the Governor unelectable in a national contest. Gov. Cuomo, emitting baritone whines worthy of his Italianate sister Geraldine, threatened to run for President just to prove them wrong, which should have prompted a quick retraction from Messrs. E&N, who are good Americans. Next he traduced the peerless Mr. Joseph Sobran, whose only offense was to compare Gov. Cuomo to some movie stars! This Governor is a queer fish indeed. He ended up in Texas at a fundraiser for Rep. Henry Gonzalez, where he stumbled to the podium, pumped his organ, and exhaled: "I think I know how hard it was for Henry at first, as a boy going to school where the language was not the language of his home, where the words sounded hard-edged and tight compared to the rolling rounded rhythms of his mother and father's tongue. I think I know because the words sounded so different for me from the world of the Italian blocks of South Jamaica, where passion and pride and powerlessness all lived together and people talked with their hands and their hearts." Mr. Cuomo brags about writing his own speeches, but I wager that after two weeks of hearing this kind of noise from the White House we'll be pining for the days of Ted Sorensen.

•Close runner-up for gasbag of the month was a figure slightly more sinister, the "Libyan leader" (as he is called) Mr. Moammar Qaddafi. Mr. Qaddafi took umbrage at a frighteningly destabilizing comment made by President Reagan, who said the Libyan leader was "flaky." (Or was Mr. Reagan referring to his scalp?) Mr. Qaddafi denied the charge at an angry news conference, where he called the President an "Israeli dog" as he munched on an old innertube and pulled a pair of jockey shorts over his head. In the world of modern art the ranks of gasbags were depleted at the end of the month with the death in West Germany of the sculptor Mr. Joseph Beuys. Mr. Beuys first came to prominence by soaking a length of gauze in animal fat, wrapping it around his childhood bathtub, putting the *objet* on display, and selling it to an heiress. It was, said Mr. Beuys, "a kind of autobiographical key, an object from the outer world, a solid thing invested with energy of a spiritual [ungulate] nature," and a big money maker. The Governor has lost a speech writer!

•Reuters reported that hundreds of inconsolable field mice are taking their own lives by jumping off the cliffs in the Golan Heights, and for the first time Spanish delegates attended the European Parliament of the European Economic Community, where their fellow delegates asked them to cool it with the rolling rounded rhythms and talk a bit more plainly. In New York, an apartment once owned by the late Mr. Rock Hudson was sold for $2 million to 26-year-old Mr. Drake Darrin. "It makes a great bachelor pad," said the catty Mr. Darrin. Mr. Greg Theyel, a law clerk, was hospitalized after a sea gull dropped a rock on his noggin as he was walking through downtown Seattle, and Mr. Ashrita Furman, the manager of a health food store in New York, jumped 11.1 miles on a pogo stick around the base of Mt. Fuji as a tribute to his guru, Mr. Sri Chimnoy, who lives in the neighborhood.

•In Saint-Tropez, France, Miss Brigitte Bardot announced that she was looking for another husband; experts predict it may take her a while unless she gets an overhaul fast. The old gals at the Women's Christian Temperance Union took cheer as evidence of the evils of alcohol mounted around the globe. In Manistique, Michigan, an unidentified man armed with a double barrel shotgun barricaded himself inside the Putvin Drug Store, where he promptly drank two and a half pints of peppermint schnapps, without a chaser, and passed out. Police found him slumped behind a counter, smiling. After a bibulous New Year's Eve, Mr. Manuel S. Juares of Los Angeles determined that he ought not drive and left his car at a friend's house, whereupon he was run over by a hit-and-run driver as he walked home. And Mr. Christian Wendel was arrested for being three times over the legal alcohol limit when police pulled his car over in Alice Springs, Australia. The sly Mr. Wendel said his condition resulted from eating a lunch of steak marinated in rum and smothered in "potent gravy." Tell it to the sheilas at the WCTU!

•The *New York Times* reported that a group of "Soviet cultural officials and artists" convened a press conference to condemn the works of American *auteur* Sylvester Stallone, among them *Rambo* and *Rocky IV*. "I call them warnography," said poet Yevgeny Yevtushenko, the J. Gordon Coogler of the Urals. A more balanced account of the denunciations appeared, as usual, in the alternative press, where the neoconservative *Weekly World News* reported that "crybaby Soviet critics . . . officially denounced the American film industry claiming that characters like Rocky and Rambo can no longer be tolerated—because they kick so much Russian butt!" The infallible *New York Post* reported that Mr. Alexander Cockburn, who unlike Rambo and Rocky never met a Russian butt he didn't like, owes the New York State Tax Commission more than $10,000 in back taxes—the kind of delinquency that can only intensify Mr. Cockburn's devotion to wealthy matrons. And at Harrah's Casino in Minden, Nevada, Miss Lillie Mae Collins opened fire with a .22 caliber revolver when a sluggish cocktail waitress took an unconscionably long time to bring her a drink.

•In Studley, England, a British egg company announced that a hen belonging to Miss Linda Franklin of Warwickshire had produced an egg bearing a remarkable resemblance to Halley's Comet and awarded Miss Franklin a prize of £5,000, for seed money. Mayor Bud Clark of Portland, Oregon, dropped his plan to read aloud at City Council meetings the names of men who had been convicted of patronizing prostitutes in that city after terrified council members objected. And the Opportunity Society finally made good on Mr. Hung Dinh Vu, a Vietnamese refugee from Glen Ellyn, Illinois, who had been denied entrance to the U.S. Navy's Aviation Officer Candidate School because his buttocks were too slender. After gorging himself on pasta and watching John Travolta dance movies for inspiration, Mr. Vu re-took the test and passed with a tenth of an inch to spare. "I'm high on life," Mr. Vu told reporters after the measurement.

•In financial news, Mr. Pasquale Consalvo, a 59-year-old construction worker from New York City, won the New York Lotto grand prize of $30 million, to be paid in yearly dribbles of $1,142,857. Asked what he would do after picking up his first check, Mr. Consalvo replied with his hands and his heart, saying, "I will go home and lay on my couch." In Texas, a group of 250 patriots posted a $50,000 bounty for anyone who will deliver to them Mr. Moammar Qaddafi's flaky nose, and in Warrendale, Pennsylvania, Mr. Jerry Juliano, a restaurant owner, learned that religion and business, like religion and politics, don't mix. Last year, with restaurant sales averaging more than $6,000 a month, Mr. Juliano heard from the Lord that if he allowed customers to pay whatever they chose, "the Lord would take care of it." The gambit drew customers in record numbers, from as far away as California and Alaska, and by October average monthly sales had fallen to "just over $1,800." "Maybe the Lord is finished with this," said Mr. Juliano, hopefully.

•A commuter flight from Atlantic City to Islip, Long Island, was disrupted when the pilot asked Mr. John Gary Johnson, of Newark, New Jersey, to extinguish a cigarette he had lit before take-off. Mr. Johnson, evidently suffering a Nic Fit of Titanic proportions, hurried to the cockpit and began beating the captain about the face and neck. In a textbook example of the tyranny of the majority, a co-pilot and other non-smoking passengers finally subdued him; police jailed him on a

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trumped-up charge of "interfering with a flight crew." The Right Reverend Edmond Lee Browning was installed as the 24th Presiding Bishop of the Episcopal Church in ceremonies which clinched that church's standing as the preeminent institution of the New Age. At his investiture, the Right Rev. was attended by "blacks, whites, Asians, Hispanics, American Indians, visually and hearing-handicapped persons, youths and senior citizens." It was not reported whether any of them were Episcopalians. Finally, Mr. Scott Nelson, a fireman in Irvine, California, hauled an unconscious eight-pound Chihuahua-terrier mutt from a burning airplane and gave it mouth-to-mouth resuscitation for five minutes; an ambulance finally arrived to take the beast to a hospital, where it was reported to be in "stable condition." Fire Captain Lou Furst praised the fireman's heroic action, although there was no word on how the missus took the news when Mr. Nelson got home.

—A.F.

CORRESPONDENCE

Don't Raise Taxes

First, to praise Herbert Stein ("Raise Taxes," *TAS*, December 1985). As usual his analysis is clear and logical, and recognizes a danger when it sees one: this time a reduction in defense spending. But his proposal, a tax increase, is, with all due respect, an egregious solution to the nation's budgetary problems.

I am not an accountant or an economist, just an ordinary citizen with a modestly higher than average income. My family's income has become higher since my wife has returned, part time, to the work force now that our children are in school all day. In addition, my income is supplemented by a very small part-time business.

My wife and I do not work only to consume. One of our cars is a gas-guzzling 1977, purchased used; the other is a much nicer and more efficient 1985 needed, in part, for my wife to make a decent impression upon her real-estate clients. Moreover, a considerable part of our marginal income has gone to pay our children's tuition at a private religious day school. Our only major consumer purchases have been for furniture, not to replace old pieces, but to fill empty spaces.

I offer this autobiographical material not as self-indulgent therapy. I, like any relatively provident American with my income, live a very comfortable life. But I believe that my circumstances are relevant to a question raised by Mr. Stein: What would a tax increase do to many Americans? The answer is almost exactly that of the supply-siders whom Mr. Stein so often denigrates. Incentive to increase marginal income would be reduced and noninvestment alternatives would become more attractive.

A tax increase of 10 percent (according to Mr. Stein's hypothetical tax increase from 20 to 22 percent of national income) would mean, roughly, a loss of $600 to me. Income that represents, again roughly, one very hard earned commission for my wife, and one fourth of the income from my part-time business. And this would be in addition to the continuing increases we have had to pay—and will have to pay in the future—to Social Security in self-employment tax. Furthermore, there would be $600 less for the important investment in my children's education.

So clearly, from my perspective, spending reductions, not tax increases, are the only reasonable alternative. And I suspect that the 1984 presidential election shows many others share my general feelings on the matter. Defense spending does not have to become the victim!

The President has achieved some extraordinary accomplishments, and there is no reason to assume that he cannot muster support for defense over domestic spending. Why, as Mr. Stein advocates, does there have to be an immediate concession in favor of wasteful and counterproductive domestic programs at the expense of necessary increases in defense, or, to avoid the latter, go full speed ahead with tax increases? To be sure, nothing comes easy, particularly $600 to the middle class.

—Paul Zisserson
Cranston, Rhode Island

Herbert Stein replies:

My difference with Mr. Zisserson relates almost entirely to one part of one sentence: "there is no reason to assume that he [the President] cannot muster support for defense over domestic spending." In each of the last four years Mr. Reagan has accepted more domestic spending and less defense spending than he wanted. In 1985, after hard bargaining with the Congress, he accepted a budget that cut 1988 defense outlays 15 percent below his own proposal. He has now accepted a Gramm-Rudman-Hollings bill that will almost certainly involve further defense cuts. Clearly, negotiating the expenditure side of the budget within the confines of the present revenue sources results in much lower defense spending than the President has decided is needed.

Why No Westway?

I usually admire William Tucker's work, but his article on Westway ("Westway Story," *TAS*, January 1986) represents the kind of thinking that made Westway supporters their own worst enemies and helped to send this ridiculous boondoggle to a well-deserved grave. To hear Tucker tell it, the "environmentaloids" nibbled this superhighway to death with their sentimental concerns over striped bass and air pollution. Missing from Tucker's biased report is a clear analysis of the real reasons why Westway was eventually opposed by both liberals and conservatives.

Basically, Westway was a massive land development deal that was to be financed with money from the Federal Highway Trust Fund. Tucker mourns the loss of public parkland that would have been built on landfill along the lower west side of Manhattan. But the park was only thin public icing on a thick private cake. About 160 acres of commercially valuable land would also have been created by Westway. This land is what made the developers drool. This land, and the new waterfront it would help to create, is what prompted real estate speculators to buy up adjacent property along the Westway route. This land—and not the public park—is what Judge Griesa was talking about when he said a "development" should not be getting federal highway funds.

Westway, a four-mile highway, would have cost at least three billion dollars. Three *billion*. The private developers who backed Westway understandably preferred to get the money from federal highway funds and not by borrowing it from a bank. In the end, however, Westway was not done in by environmentalists, although environmental lawsuits did delay Westway long enough for the neighboring state of New Jersey to get wise to the highway land hustle on the New York side of the river. Several New Jersey mayors joined the anti-Westway action. They were worried the landfill would cause flooding, and were not reassured by Tucker's silly argument that the ocean has room for the water (the real question was whether the river has room enough between its banks). Two New Jersey Congressmen, Frank Guarini and James Howard (who chairs a key committee), began to question the use of public highway money to fund a private land development scheme, and were joined in their opposition to Westway by New Jersey Senators Bradley and Lautenberg. Hearings were held. Exposed to the light of reason, Westway began to shrivel. Conservatives, shocked by socialist subsidies to capitalist developers, jumped on the bandwagon. Westway was doomed. The striped bass, who had their day in court, now have the highway. Westway sleeps with the fishes.

—Anthony Scott
New York, New York

William Tucker replies:

The argument that Westway was a plot by developers is one of the most scurrilous arguments of the whole episode. The underground highway was not conceived to produce a landfill. The reason it was put offshore was to avoid razing residential neighborhoods. Once the landfill was created, however, the city decided to use part of it as a park and sell part for commercial and residential development.

The Lower West Side of Manhattan was going to be redeveloped whether Westway was built or not. The main impact of the Westway park development is that it would have retarded development over the next ten years. As one major developer told the *New York Post* the day after Westway died: "The major real estate guys in town shed personal tears over the loss of Westway because they felt it was important from a business point of view. Now the opportunity exists for them to get some real action going."

MX Futures

Mr. Carnes Lord's arguments for MX are internally inconsistent and will never settle the MX question ("The MX in an Age of Defense," *TAS*, January 1986). Assuming for debate's sake that advances in "superhardening" and recent "findings" on nuclear cratering effects (even though there have been no new nuclear craters in many years) are indeed real, Lord says that "the rationale for the MX or a missile like it remains compelling. Only MX will reliably threaten high-priority and extremely hard Soviet targets." He therefore concludes that there is a need for MX as a negator or killer of Soviet ICBMs since he judges that the new

(continued on page 46)

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EDITORIALS

NEOLIB VAPORS

by R. Emmett Tyrrell, Jr.

Here in our nation's capital these are grand and gaudy days, as the historians will in due course note. Alas, most of the locals remain oblivious. Our liberals are lost in gloom and their customary morbid preoccupation with gripes, hobgoblins, and the malfunctioning parts of utopia. The conservatives are in the glooms too, vexed as they are by liberal treachery and fears of what Secretary of State Shultz might do next. About the only Washingtonians abounding with gusto are those neoliberal writers who are admired by both sides: by the conservatives for espousing embryonic conservative values and by the liberals for execrating the aforementioned mossbacks who make conservative values plausible.

The rhetoric of this town is tortured beyond the outer limits of the scrutable; and it is painful to witness the contortions that the politicos go through simply to avoid standing for anything at all. Few want to be called straightforward liberals, but fewer want to abandon altogether the old appellation and throw in with the conservatives. In the late 1960s and early 1970s, as liberalism was being swept toward the romance of *gauchisme* and the mountebankery of basic American cheap thought, some liberals declared their opposition to those who were radicalizing the political philosophy of Franklin D. Roosevelt, Harry Truman, and John F. Kennedy. Such liberals came to be called neoconservatives.

Irving Kristol, Nathan Glazer, and Norman Podhoretz are the senior intellectuals in this group. What is rarely noted about their point of view is that it has not changed fundamentally from the early 1960s when a liberal favored modest and temporary welfare for the "deserving poor," very little social engineering to transform us all—rich and poor—into Spinozas, and a staunch stand against totalitarian aggression. Through the past two decades these men have been consistent and honorable in their political stands. Naturally they have endured tremendous abuse, but considering the sources of this abuse they should consider each salvo equivalent to receiving the Congressional Medal of Honor.

The neoliberals are generally goaded by the same values, but being a generation younger—products of the 1960s and 1970s for the most part—they are somewhat timorous and desirous of applause. Hence you will hear the neoliberal gabbing about the need to improve productivity even as he pooh-poohs capitalism. He is for defense, but of the small-is-beautiful variety. And when it comes time to exert American power on behalf of American interests his desire for love overcomes his desire to preserve our interests and our security. Chances are, he even shrank from our military action in Grenada. In sum, the neoliberal has a small view of the world and a short memory of history. In Washington he follows the everchanging tides. He ascribes to an old Washington maxim venerated by some of the town's most enduring giants: consistency is the lifeblood of a corpse.

It will be interesting to see where the neoliberals end up. After all, one cannot go on forever espousing the values of those one is abominating, particularly if those whom one abominates are growing increasingly powerful. The neoconservatives ended up in coalition with conservative Republicans of the Buckley-Reagan sort. That is why it is more accurate to say that we are living in a post-liberal era rather than a conservative era. The neoconservatives may have suffered enormous abuse, but they and their values have also become quite influential. Will the neoliberals? It is unlikely. As they have demonstrated, they are not eager to fight for their beliefs against the odds. Their party is still influenced by radicals, who, if they are nothing else, are inveterate fighters. In a struggle with them the neoliberals will break and run.

Thus, though they are full of brag and bounce today, the neoliberals will not endure as anything more than wisps of pietistic vapor. The neoconservatives, on the other hand, have already left a mark. They have had the courage of their convictions and now members of the government such as Attorney General Edwin Meese and Secretary of Education William Bennett have taken up the neocons' fight against social engineering, permissiveness, and the notion that poverty can be solved and character built by endless government largess. This brings Washington back to its historic concern for limited government, personal responsibility, freedom, and the dignity of the original liberal vision. These are momentous issues. Even the Supreme Court vibrates and steams. □

Adapted from RET's weekly Washington Post *column syndicated by King Features.*

SLOB SISTERS

America's weakness for escapism, so the Americanologists tell us, began with the Depression, in harsh times when the embryonic broadcast industry could, for the first time, cheaply transport hard-pressed Americans into glittering fantasies. It is a plausible enough thesis, but it does not explain the ravening escapism of our time. America has begun its fourth straight year of economic recovery. Inflation is low. Unemployment is receding. Gross private domestic investment has increased 50 percent since 1982 and gross private savings have risen 30 percent.

Most Americans are prosperous, and the polls proclaim that they are abrim with optimism. Yet from the recent reviews of 1985 appearing in our major news magazines it is obvious that large numbers of Americans cannot bear reality without frequent escapes into fantasy. The figures that fetched popular interest in a given year in the 1920s might be drawn from science (Thomas Edison), industry (Walter Chrysler), politics (the great Coolidge) and finally sports (Red Grange). The occasional entertainer who might have become noteworthy in a 1920s year-end review would have been someone like Jerome Kern whose work bespoke elegance and a semblance of sophistication. By comparison most of the popular figures of the present are fantastical.

In 1985, if the news magazines have us right, we numbered no scientists or industrialists among our elect. We numbered few politicians and no distinguished artists. Instead we were fascinated by a huge army of pop singers interlarded with some TV entertainers. All had made their way by beguiling school children and affecting the style of slobs. Some disport on stage in work shirts and dungarees; others, usually the females, wear their fat sisters' underwear—here I have in mind the legendary Bruce Springsteen and Madonna, as she is called. The tastes of children create the popular culture of contemporary America, the superpower. Take that tale back to imperial Rome.

I could understand an escapism that exited a grim reality for a charming fantasy, but where is the charm in today's world of popular entertainment? It is not an urbane world populated by suave fellows such as the late David Niven. It is not even the world of high jinks once confected by the Beatles. Popular singers and most TV per-

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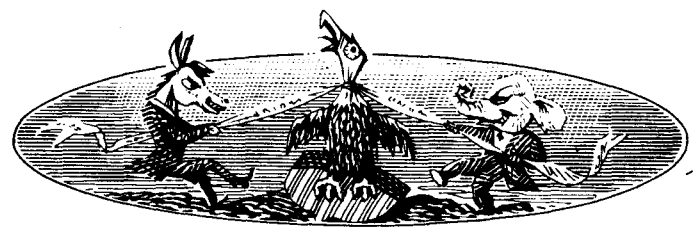
sonalities are insufferably gloomy, and where they ought to manifest sophistication and *joie de vivre* they reveal merely a dolt satisfaction in being slobs. Moreover, I am unconvinced that many of these wretches can sing any better than a United States senator taking his morning shower. Many strut and glare at their audiences as the practiced dictator might, but few could make their way in those faraway times when songs were vocally demanding. Springsteen is no Sinatra. Madonna is a third-rate Mae West, thumpingly amplified.

Nonetheless it is apparent that many millions escape their daily grinds to fantasize on these eminences. This bizarre yearning to escape explains the vast market that America now provides for celebrity. The world of celebrity takes in the rock stars, the TV stars, and all those lesser fish who have been seen on television and in the public prints and who have not actually been convicted of a major crime, or, at least, a large number of major crimes. Some of these celebrities are admittedly clever and accomplished, yet their personal achievements are secondary to the publicity that enhaloes them and makes them attractive to the public.

To some degree today's escapism is explained by the ease with which Americans can flee reality. Routes into fantasy are provided not only by radio, TV, and print, but also by film, video cassettes, and specialized TV: cable networks focusing solely on entertainment. Yet, for a complete explanation of contemporary escapism, one must scrutinize prosperity itself. And, though the champions of prosperity on the left and on the right may dispute me, it is obvious that prosperity is incapable of satisfying the yearnings of millions of Americanos.

Both liberals and conservatives tell us that the good life is the life filled with the fruits of a robust gross national product. But the hordes that seek escape into the ghastly fantasy world of popular culture refute them. Our escapists would rather dwell on the galoots in work shirts and the gals in underwear. That is fine by me. I only wish they would insist on the music of Cole Porter and lines written by middle brows with taste, say, the scribes at the *New Yorker.* □

CAPITOL IDEAS



JUSTICE DAY

by Tom Bethell

We were told to be at the 10th Street and Pennsylvania Avenue entrance of the Justice Department at 7:10 a.m. and from there we would proceed to Attorney General Ed Meese's private dining room for breakfast. When I arrived it was still dark. The half dozen journalists assembled (pragmatists all, eschewing extremism of left and right) were wondering why senior government officials in Washington go to work so early. One theorized it was all part of the Washington status game, another suspected it was the only way to keep one step ahead of the civil servants (who work 9 to 5, but greatly outnumber political appointees and pursue independent agendas more or less regardless of election results), while a third thought it was a way of escaping early morning domestic strife. (That last *can't* be right, can it?)

We were ushered through oaken vestibules and introduced to Ed Meese and Deputy Attorney General Lowell Jensen. For all I know they may already have spent an hour or two in pre-dawn meetings with Strike Force attorneys and vigilant Trustbusters. I found myself sitting opposite William Bradford Reynolds, the assistant attorney general in charge of civil rights who last year was subjected to the familiar campaign of vilification by civil rights groups when he was nominated for promotion. In the end the campaign succeeded. The Senate Judiciary Committee failed to confirm Reynolds, but he stubbornly stayed on at the civil rights division.

He seemed to have come through the ordeal unscathed. A spare, gaunt, bespectacled figure, he ate his scrambled eggs but left his sausages untouched. One would not have predicted that someone of Reynolds's background would have the stomach to resist the collective will of the civil rights, media, and legal establishments. One of his ancestors (William Bradford) was on the Mayflower. Reynolds himself went to Andover and Yale, and worked in well-connected law firms—more plausibly the *curriculum vitae* of one who would rather switch (the definition of civil rights) than fight.

After breakfast we went to a series of meetings with key Department figures, among them Reynolds. These days, he said, "you say the same thing as Martin Luther King and it's labeled ultra-right." He seemed a mite on the defensive. Perhaps they had worn him down after all. Just because the Department had not supported busing, he said, it had not "backed off on civil rights enforcement." No retreat! In various respects his enforcement had "outstripped prior Administrations." If the civil rights division was opposed to affirmative action, it was nonetheless in favor of "affirmative recruitment," and something called "outreach." Apparently "affirmative recruitment" allows the Department "to identify victims in a meaningful way." Affirmative *action*, on the other hand, entails numerical remedies which could very easily miss those who have been discriminated against.

Reynolds had made it clear to me a couple of months earlier that he knew what was at stake in this contest. "If we buy into quotas we are locked into a caste system," he said. The issue was results versus opportunity, quotas versus merit. "That's a critical crossroads," he said, "a struggle that will determine the shape of the country's future." If there was a consolation prize for his rejection by the Judiciary Committee it was being able to remain in a position where he could have a say in the outcome.

The struggle is serious because the advocacy of civil rights has been taken over by leftists and militant egalitarians seeking to implement their collectivist agenda by redefining "civil rights" to mean "civil privileges." A doctrine of genetic entitlement is to replace the equal protection of the laws. "Leaders of the old civil rights movement were

Tom Bethell is The American Spectator*'s Washington correspondent.*

STRANGE NEW RESPECT: CONT'D

Shortly after the 1980 election Paul Weyrich, the president of the Free Congress Foundation, went to a joint Senate Steering Committee-Wednesday Club meeting in a dining room of the Dirksen Office Building. Senators Alan Simpson of Wyoming and John Chafee of Rhode Island were already seated. "Simpson had his back to me when I came into the room," Weyrich recalled. "He was telling Chafee that the Reagan Administration had been intending to send social-issue legislation to the Hill, 'but I've stopped it,' he said." Weyrich recalled that Simpson went on: " 'I got Howard Baker to go to Jim Baker [President Reagan's chief of staff at the time]. If I've got one thing on my agenda it's to stop social issue legislation from coming to the floor.' " Simpson said he had used the argument that the social issues (normally a code word for abortion) would so tear up the new Republican majority in the Senate that they wouldn't be able to pass anything else.

"I just stood there and listened," Weyrich said. "Then Senator Chafee said, 'Hi, how are you,' and Simpson turned around and saw me."

Much more recently a legislative strategist who does not wish to be identified went to see Senate Judiciary Chairman Strom Thurmond and asked him why he didn't speed up the confirmation hearings for Reagan's judicial nominees.

"Because I have a major problem with my committee," Thurmond replied. "First Senator Mathias and now Senator Simpson has threatened to vote with the liberals if the Administration keeps sending up 'controversial' nominees."

As the source pointed out, "controversial" always means "conservative."

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adamant in demanding that it not be construed as seeking preferential treatment," Reynolds said. "The NAACP brief in *Brown* v. *Board of Education* was dedicated to a color-blind Constitution. That was the theme of the civil rights movement through 1971."

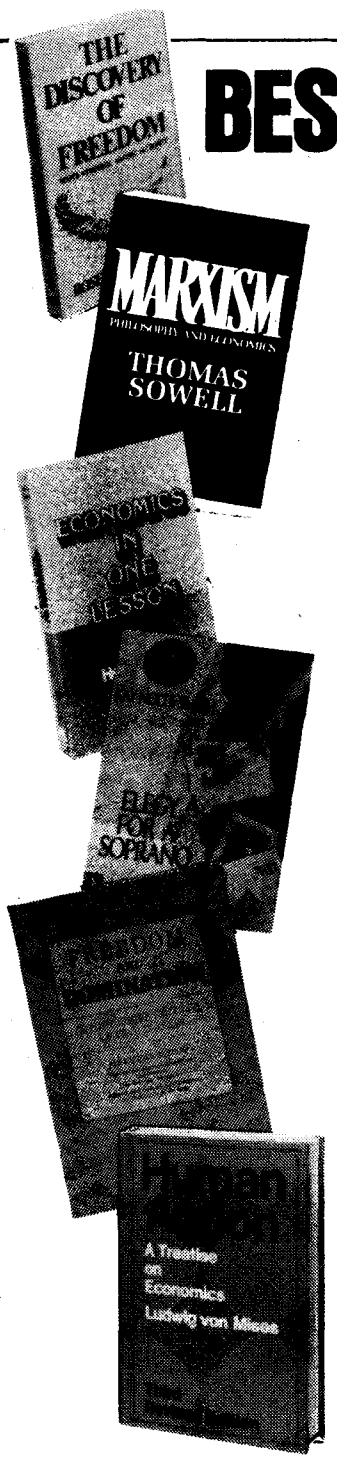
As spelled out in the Bill of Rights, and until some time in the 1970s, "civil rights" meant specific limitations, or prohibitions against government power that applied to all: all had freedom of speech, of religious due process, jury trial, protection against unreasonable search and seizure, and so on. (It may be questioned, and Alexander Hamilton did question whether a document that spells out those limited things that government *can* do needs an addendum specifying things that a government *can't* do, but let that pass.) Then we woke up one day to find that "civil rights" meant something quite different: claims on government that can be made by specific, privileged groups. This has been called the "expansion" of civil rights but a complete change of meaning is entailed—almost a reversal of meaning.

In my view the Reagan Administration miscalculated in failing to address this problem immediately. President Johnson's Executive Order 11246, later interpreted as requiring affirmative action in federal contracting, could have been rescinded right after the 1981 inauguration. Five years later the Administration is trying to do something about it—nervously. Such internal division and lack of conviction contrasts painfully with the aggressive moral certitude of the collectivists. Make no mistake, the left has won its victories over the years because its champions have a greater capacity for moral outrage than its opponents. The few who want a society of "entitled" beneficiary groups supervised by a liberal elite maintain a fierce din of indignation and accusation (with a little help from the newspapers). The many who appreciate the rule of law and an equal application of the laws are silent, indecisive, unsure of what is going on, and above all fearful of accusation—understandably so in view of the hair-trigger McCarthyism of their opponents. (*Washington Post* January 18th headline: "Reagan Rating Falls in Poll of Blacks/56% Say President Is a Racist"—an accusation disguised as a finding.)

Reynolds and Meese clearly understand the problem, but Reagan seems all along to have conceived of his Administration as though it were a wartime coalition, with all points of view represented, so that he can negotiate with himself before negotiating with the Democrats. Contending forces (in the case of the Executive Order, William Brock at Labor and Ed Meese at Justice) will then argue things out, and the winner will come to Reagan and tell him what he must do and where he must sign his name.

The selection of federal judges is obviously crucial both for the Reagan Administration and for the country. Here the Justice Department has played an important role, trying to ensure that judicial candidates understand that the U. S. Constitution does have a discernible meaning which ought to be respected. (Notoriously, Justice William Brennan doesn't accept this. In a speech at Georgetown University last October he impugned as "arrogance cloaked as humility" the view that we can discern "what the Framers thought." A few more speeches like that and Brennan's ideological supporters will begin to wriggle with embarrassment.)

After lunch we had an entertaining session with Grover Rees, the special counsel for judicial selection (he is 34 and a former University of Texas law professor). He was particularly interesting on the disingenuous tactics of the anti-constitutionalists in law and media who oppose Reagan's nominees. (Rees says he "supervises a process that



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generates recommendations to the Attorney General," which are then forwarded to the President, who in turn usually follows Meese's recommendations. But of course the selection of *district* federal judges is largely controlled by senators of the President's party, not all of whom are sympathetic to Reagan's philosophy—see box.)

Some appointees get "strict scrutiny," others do not, Rees said. Those who do are the ones "suspected of sharing the President's idea of what a judge ought to be," but of course they can't be opposed on that ground. "So they look for ostensibly neutral grounds," Rees said, "temperament, perhaps some injudicious statement ten years earlier—the political equivalent of overdue library books." Thus Lino Graglia, a law professor and a possible appointee to the 5th Circuit Court of Appeals, has been opposed by leftists "who realize they won't get anywhere by airing their real grievance against him—his opposition to busing and racial quotas, and his insufficient reverence for the social policy decisions made by federal judges," Rees said.

So National Public Radio's Nina Totenberg and People for the American Way went back and interviewed Graglia's students six years earlier. (Note, again, the intensity and zeal of the left. Try to imagine a comparable conservative response when President Carter appointed Patricia Wald to the D. C. Appeals Court. One assumes, incidentally, that Totenberg and People for the American Way will not be raising any objections to the parallel tactics of Accuracy in Academia.) According to Rees, most students deposed that Graglia was an excellent professor, but one or two said he must be a racist, "otherwise why would he oppose busing," and they also found "one incident where he used the word 'pickaninny,' " supposedly a derogatory word. Whereupon the inquisitors responded (according to Rees), "Oh, we can't have this guy! It's not that he's a conservative. He's a racist."

Rees said the clearest case of disingenuousness arose when Alex Kozinski was appointed to the 9th Circuit Court of Appeals. Kozinski—first in his class at UCLA Law School, Covington & Burling—was obviously highly qualified. "Yet they actually dragged people out to the hearing room to say, in his job five years earlier, he had been cool to employees, he criticized their briefs, 'he hurt my feelings,' and so on."

Rees made the important point that Republicans in the past have appointed federal judges more on the basis of party affiliation and "membership in the business establishment" than philosophy. For Democrats, philosophy has long been paramount. The result has been two groups of judges on the bench: one liberal in philosophy, caring very little about the Constitution or precedent, the other (Republican) "who respect the latest precedent and that's as far as they think." That precedent, of course, was in most instances written by the liberals a few years earlier. This in turn has produced a body of law that moves only in one direction: "It institutionalizes that part of the liberal social agenda that the electorate has refused to enact."

Now that the Republicans, at last, are beginning to pay attention to philosophy as well, the liberals are up in arms because they know that it is extremely hard to get their undemocratic agenda through legislatures, and now (if this continues) they won't be able to get it through the courts either. Which means that they won't get it. And that is a fearsome thought for people whose hopes and visions are vested in a new society utterly unlike anything we now have. It's hard to live without dreams.

Keep an eye out for a case study in the tactics outlined by Rees if Michael Horowitz is appointed to the D. C. Court of Appeals. Horowitz is a liberal who changed his mind and liberals don't appreciate that one little bit. They'll be after him—but not on those grounds, of course. □

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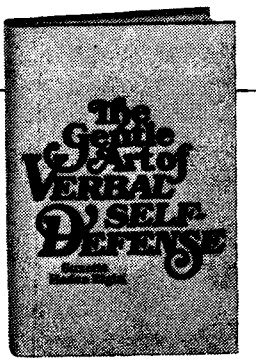
About the Author

Psycholinguist Suzette Haden Elgin has presented her innovative self-defense principles in a variety of formats. She has given workshops and seminars all over the U.S., including verbal self-defense sessions for doctors, lawyers, and other professionals. Dr. Elgin has also created a self-defense tape and a training manual for people who teach her self-defense techniques.



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James F. Grutsch, Jr. and A.D.J. Robertson

THE COMING OF AIDS

It didn't start with homosexuals, and it won't end with them.

A new disease is infecting mankind. It is lethal; no cure exists. It is caused by a virus which, for simplicity, we shall call the Aids virus.

The spread of the Aids virus in the United States is being monitored, but cannot be prevented, by the Centers for Disease Control (CDC). No federal agency has taken the actions needed to eradicate the disease. To understand how this situation has come about, it is important to understand the biology of the Aids virus, something of the sociology of science, and the relentless progress, but often thoughtless use, of medical technology.

The acronym AIDS stands for Acquired Immune Deficiency Syndrome. It was first used in 1982 by the CDC to describe what seemed to be a new disease and to follow its spread. We now know that the term AIDS is misleading because it does not describe a syndrome, because the Aids virus causes congenital as well as acquired immune deficiency, because the virus attacks many cells in the body apart from those in the immune system, and because the spectrum of diseases caused by the virus is much wider than that encompassed by the CDC definition of AIDS.

Most of the confusion about the issue of Aids originates from similar semantic muddles; these have been compounded by ill-informed reporting in which laymen, often from special-interest groups with their own furrows to plow, express opinions about scientific matters. Errors of fact are then propagated by the innocent. There are, for example, many mistakes in the article by Jonathan Lieberson in the January 16 *New York Review of Books*.[1] These canards are extremely dangerous because the disease itself is lethal and because we know neither how serious the problem is now, nor how serious it will become. Their repetition and use for prediction lead to incorrect results and encourage complacency; as the computer programmers say, "garbage in, garbage out." In turn, complacency leads to inaction; for example, we should be studying the epidemiology of Aids scientifically, not sociologically, for without proper information we will not have rational action.

James F. Grutsch, Jr. is a biophysicist working in the regulatory affairs department of a major chemical company in Chicago. A.D.J. Robertson is a biologist interested in embryology and behavior who works at the Research, Testing, and Development Corporation of Lexington, Georgia.

Viruses

Viruses are much smaller than other entities that cause disease. They cannot reproduce or, sometimes, even survive outside living cells. This is because they contain only a small amount of genetic material—some nucleic acid—surrounded by a protective protein coat. They need the metabolic machinery of a cell to manufacture copies of themselves; most viruses are probably derived from genetic material that has escaped from the cell nucleus to become self-replicating. Many viruses are not pathogenic, or are only slightly so, in their normal host, but may become lethal if by chance they infect a new organism which has not evolved with them. This is true of parasites in general, for it does a parasite no good to kill its host before it itself has reproduced. It explains why the opening of the tropics by the white man led to so many apparently novel, but serious, diseases. It explains also why the Aids virus, which has probably crossed the species barrier between the African green monkey and man, is so lethal, and why we apparently have no natural defenses against it.

Slow Viruses

The Aids virus is a slow virus. Some viruses are called "slow" because there is a long latency between infection by them and the appearance of symptoms in the victim. Their habits are also covert; at first they could not be seen in electron micrographs and it may be that they do not always provoke an immune response—the production of antibodies—in infected people. Since these properties made it extremely difficult to discern the cause and effect, slow viral diseases were often thought to be no more than the inevitable manifestations of age.

The first human diseases known to be caused by slow viruses are Kuru and Creutzfeldt-Jakob disease. Kuru is exotic, confined to a small population in New Guinea and having symptoms like Parkinson's disease. It is now rare since it was found to be spread when food was prepared for ritual cannibalism, and the practice has been stopped. Infected brain tissue was removed from dead relatives by women of the Fore tribe and handled by them and their children. This explained the strange

[1]Contrary to his assertions, the virus is not a mutant of HTLV-I; it does not replicate only when inhabiting T-cells; one does not require a damaged immune system to be susceptible to infection by the virus; there is no evidence that it is necessary to mix blood and semen to propagate the infection during normal vaginal intercourse; there is no evidence that anal intercourse is more frequent among "African" heterosexual couples than among the comparable group of Americans; changes in behavior—at least those suggested to date—are not going to stop the spread of Aids; predictions by distinguished scientists about the spread of the Aids virus cannot be dismissed on the grounds that they are the self-serving fear-mongering of grant-hungry academics—and so on.

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epidemiology of the disease, since no men appeared to be infected. Infection led after a long delay to cerebellar ataxia, followed by helplessness and death within a year. Strangely enough, the victims remained cheerful, though finally entirely incapacitated. This is a good example of a disease whose spread was eliminated by a simple (some might say desirable) change in behavior. Even so, though transmission of Kuru was stopped thirty years ago, two or three people a year still develop the neurological symptoms and die; this will continue until all those originally infected and in whom the virus remains latent, are dead. No new infections should occur, unless cannibalism comes back into fashion or the virus changes its habits.

Creutzfeldt-Jakob disease is also a viral disease that causes brain damage, but it is much more widespread than Kuru. It was thought to be a purely degenerative process, rather like Alzheimer's disease, without a specific cause. Its epidemiology suggests a slow viral agent, though the usual mode of transmission is not known. Nonetheless, the Food and Drug Administration recently banned the sale of growth hormone derived from human brains because it appears that the preparations have infected at least five people with Creutzfeldt-Jakob. Since the risk has only just been recognized, and the latency between infection and disease is so long, there will be many more victims of infection by this particular route. Not only are these events tragedies for the victims, but the legal, insurance, and medical implications are staggering. This is a good example of the unwitting spread of a disease by technology.

Lentiviruses

The lentiviruses are a small group of slow viruses; AIDS is the first disease of man known to be caused by one. The other known lentiviruses cause maedi-visna in sheep, infectious anemia in horses, and a form of encephalitis in goats. Until we know a great deal more about the Aids virus itself, the best models for understanding its behavior and for making predictions are the other lentiviruses.[2]

Maedi-visna virus causes a fatal infection in sheep. The first sign is progressive pneumonia, called maedi in Iceland, which develops up to four years after inoculation with the virus. The disease may also damage the central nervous system, causing massive degeneration of the brain which leads to wasting and paralysis of the infected animal. This form of the disease was called visna. No vaccines have been produced; the only way to control the disease is to isolate and slaughter infected animals. The virus is usually spread by coughing when sheep are crowded together in the winter. It is interesting that the more dramatic syndrome, pneumonia, was recognized first and not immediately associated with the more insidious neural disease. This is true for the Aids virus.

Equine infectious anemia is spread by the transfer of blood from horse to horse. The mechanisms include insect vectors, needles used for inoculations and blood sampling, and tattooing devices; transfer can also occur during copulation and possibly in milk passing to a suckling foal. The disease kills at least half its victims; once infected an animal remains infectious for life; the virus can be found in all tissues, including the brain. Treatment is impossible, so spread of the disease can be prevented only by slaughtering infected animals. It is interesting that the virus exists in many immunologically different forms, which makes the theoretical task of producing an effective vaccine difficult, if not impossible.

Acquired Immune Deficiency Syndrome

It is worth repeating that the name "AIDS" is not synonymous with the Aids virus, nor with infection by the virus. All AIDS victims, as defined by the CDC, are infected with the Aids virus, though the vast majority of people infected with the virus have not yet developed AIDS—which is the name given to a number of diseases known to be caused by the Aids virus. The rapid spread of AIDS among "high risk" groups in the United States has obscured our perception of the equally, or more, serious spread among other groups in other countries and the beginning of the spread to what are considered "low risk" groups here.

We should be studying the epidemiology of Aids scientifically, not sociologically.

The Aids Virus

The Aids virus probably spread to humans from the green monkey in Central Africa. The green monkey's habitat at the edge of the forest has been encroached upon by man; indeed, green monkeys are eaten by Africans in several countries; in this country, cells from their livers are used in the production of vaccines. Like the other lentiviruses, the Aids virus consists of a core of RNA surrounded by a protein coat. The protein coat both protects the RNA and allows the virus to become attached to cells, including lymphocytes and brain cells, which it can then penetrate and infect. It is this protein coat which is exposed to the immune system and stimulates the production of antigens. As is true for many other viruses, but particularly for the lentiviruses, the genes controlling the synthesis of the protein coat are extremely variable. Thus, the proteins themselves, and therefore the antigenic properties of the virus, vary as well. In other words, the virus transforms itself to the point where the original antibodies are no longer effective against it. This is undoubtedly one of the reasons why the development of antibodies to the virus does not either protect against subsequent infection or remove the virus from the bloodstream; this is also true for the other lentiviruses. The influenza virus varies in a similar way, but to a much smaller extent. We are therefore much less likely to produce a successful vaccine against the Aids virus than we are to produce one simultaneously effective against all the strains of the influenza virus!

The Spread of the Aids Virus

The syndrome, AIDS, was defined by the Centers for Disease Control in 1982 although it had been recognized as an entity in 1981, when five previously

[2]It is unfortunate that the Aids virus was first thought to be an "oncoRNAvirus," like the human leukemia viruses, HTLV-I and HTLV-II. The name "oncoRNAvirus" means that the viruses are cancer-causing and contain ribose nucleic acid (RNA) rather than DNA. The lentiviruses are not cancer-causing but they do contain RNA.

Like the oncoRNAviruses they are called retroviruses because they make a DNA copy of their RNA genome; during the normal metabolism of a cell RNA is copied from the nuclear DNA, but retroviruses can go in reverse. This is an important property since the DNA copy is incorporated into the DNA inside the chromosomes of the virus's host. In this form it is known as pro-viral DNA; it is inaccessible to attack by cells, therapeutic chemicals, or antibodies, but can replicate by making further RNA copies. Thus it may be impossible to dislodge a retroviral infection, and an infected individual will continue to manufacture RNA-containing virions while he is alive.

Using the techniques of modern molecular biology one can read the sequence of the bases in a virus's nucleic acid genome. Comparing these sequences in two organisms allows one to determine how closely they are related. When this is done for the Aids virus it is unequivocally obvious that it is closely related to the maedi-visna virus, but not to the human leukemia viruses. Unfortunately, in another round of semantic confusion, the T-cell leukemia viruses were renamed T-cell lymphotropic viruses so that the Aids Virus could be kept in the same artificial group whose members would then be HTLV-I, HTLV-II, and HTLV-III. Thus not only was a useful old name lost, but new confusion was created. This renaming is dangerous since it hinders public appreciation of the fact that Aids is caused by a lentivirus whose targets are not only the T-cell, but the central nervous system; it also mistakenly suggests that the Aids virus is like the leukemia viruses in that infection by it might be treated in the same way as infection by them.

GLOSSARY

AIDS: In 1982, CDC defined a case of AIDS as a disease, at least moderately predictive of a defect in cell-mediated immunity, occurring in a person with no known cause for diminished resistance to that disease. Such diseases include Kaposi's sarcoma, Pneumocystis carinii pneumonia, and other opportunistic infections which include pneumonia, meningitis, and unusually extensive mucocutaneous herpes simplex. This CDC definition was used originally to follow the epidemic and was limited by the absence of a reliable blood test.

Aids virus: AIDS is caused by infection with a virus. This was isolated in France from a patient with chronically swollen lymph glands and called LAV. In America the virus has been called HTLV-III and ARV. For simplicity, it is here called the Aids virus.

Antibodies: Proteins made in response to specific antigens. They bind to the antigens, immobilizing them, and bring them to white blood cells for destruction or excretion.

Antigen: A protein identified as a foreign material by the immune system, resulting in the production of antibodies. Antigens are most often "surface antigens," located on the external surfaces of viruses, bacteria, or invading cells.

Genome: The collection of all the kinds of genes in an individual. Normally each cell in the body has two complete copies of the genome. Eggs and sperm carry one copy each.

HTLV: Originally denoting Human T-cell Leukemia Virus, HTLV-I and HTLV-II cause some kinds of leukemia in people. HTLV now has been changed to denote Human T-cell Lymphotropic Virus to include the Aids virus, HTLV-III, which does not cause leukemia.

Lentivirus: Until the Aids virus was discovered, lentiviruses were known only to cause disease in specific domestic animals. They are small—about one-250,000th of an inch long—and have a genome made of RNA with about six genes. They typically infect the nervous system.

Lymphocytes: A group of cells found in the blood; some identify antigens, stimulate the production of antibodies, produce antibodies, and/or destroy foreign materials.

Pathogens: disease-causing micro-organisms.

T-cells: A class of lymphocytes derived from the thymus; involved in recognizing antigens and the destruction of foreign materials.

T-helper cells: The lymphocytes that identify antigens and stimulate other cells to produce antibodies.

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healthy homosexual men were treated for Pneumocystis carinii pneumonia in Los Angeles. This disease is caused by protozoan parasites which grow in the lungs, making breathing difficult. It is very rare, in this country occurring only in people who have been weakened by malnutrition or whose immune responses have been suppressed either by chemicals, as for kidney transplants, or disease. In the same year a further twenty-six previously healthy homosexuals in New York and California were found to have Kaposi's sarcoma. While this is endemic in Africa, it is extremely rare in the United States and is normally confined to old men from the Mediterranean or with Jewish ancestry. Both the endemic African form and the European form are relatively benign; that associated with the Aids virus is aggressive and lethal. It is now appearing in Africa as well.

At first it was widely assumed that the AIDS syndrome was secondary to a defect in cell-mediated immunity which might have multiple causes, including drug use and suppression of the immune system by the many other infections characteristically found in promiscuous male homosexuals. Tragically, this view is still being propagated. While AIDS is secondary to damage to the immune system, the cause is infection with a virus that can kill a particular group of lymphocytes. These lymphocytes are needed to mount a normal immune response; without them we become susceptible to infection by many organisms which are endemic, but not normally life-threatening. These include those pathogens causing the rare diseases first associated with the Aids virus.

The best data for the spread of AIDS come from the CDC. The most recent CDC figures (January 6, 1986) show that over 16,000 cases of CDC-defined AIDS have been reported. This, of course, is a gross underestimate of the number of United States citizens infected by the Aids virus. Even so, AIDS is the leading cause of death for males between 30 and 40 years old in New York City, so if the true number of deaths caused by the virus were known, the situation might already appear catastrophic to the public. The CDC figures show that the number of cases is, roughly, doubling each year, as is the number of subsequent deaths. Data from surveys of blood donors, of members of the armed forces, and of other discrete groups in the United States suggest that somewhere between one and three million individuals are now infected. In Africa the minimum number believed to be infected is ten million. Worldwide probably at least fifteen million, but possibly many more, are infected. Every day that the disease is allowed to spread unchecked a further 40,000 people will become infected and some proportion of these, possibly all, are therefore being condemned to an extremely unpleasant premature death. This number will increase as the infected population increases. For the United States the numbers are proportionately smaller, but the daily added increase in potential human suffering is obvious, as is the potentially catastrophic economic impact.

It is about the spread of Aids that most misconceptions have arisen. In Africa the disease is affecting almost as many women as men and appears to be spread through prostitution, and sometimes the multiple medical use of syringes and needles. In the United States, the epidemic is several, perhaps three to five, years younger. We shall never know the details of the early spread in Africa, although its geography suggests that war and nomadic trading patterns were important. But we can at least assume that promiscuous male homosexuality and sharing of needles in "shooting galleries" were not essential, just as they cannot be essential for the devastating epidemic of "Simian Aids" now spreading through primate colonies in the United States. This epidemic is not being carried by a drug-crazed homosexual monkey, leaping from colony to colony, though as a theory this is not so very different from what is believed about the spread of human Aids.

We are much less likely to produce a successful vaccine against the Aids virus than we are to produce one simultaneously effective against all the strains of the influenza virus.

It does seem to be true that the disease, in parts of the United States, first afflicted the male homosexual community, though some old blood samples show early infection of drug addicts in New York City. Since in some places the male homosexual population is concentrated geographically, and promiscuous behavior is encouraged, the disease has flourished in this group. But the fact that it can be spread by homosexual intercourse does not mean that it is spread only in that way. From the homosexuals the disease has spread to drug addicts, to the blood banks, to hemophiliacs, to prostitutes, to those who have sexual intercourse with members of these groups, and to children, both those born after their mothers became infected and, in some cases, those infected via breast milk.

These are the acknowledged "risk groups"; it seems to us that a lethal disease spreading inexorably in just these populations presents a national emergency—let alone a disease which now seems to be capable of spreading to anyone who has sexual intercourse with more than one person. The major, early methods of spread are ones which the majority of Americans are not prepared to admit to—even though, in surveys, nearly half of the population admits to being unfaithful. We do not know how many American men patronize prostitutes, but some police officers have suggested that a figure of 30 percent is realistic. Whatever the exact numbers are, since we know that the virus is spread by normal, vaginal, heterosexual intercourse, the population now at risk is enormous. If, like the other lentiviruses, the Aids virus can be transferred to ungulates, then we must face the fact that it could be spread in cows' milk (just as it is in breast milk), in bronchial secretions transmitted as aerosols by coughing (as is maedi-visna), and, potentially, by insect vectors, if only mechanically (as is equine infectious anemia).

We find it amazing that it is still possible for anyone to believe that the virus cannot be spread by heterosexual intercourse. The first unequivocal clue was the infection of four women in Australia, out of eight inseminated artificially with semen from a single man. Recently a female, prepubertal chimpanzee was inoculated with 5,000 virus particles—a relatively small number—carefully placed in her vagina with a damp swab. She, too, became infected, showing antibodies to the virus after six weeks. The reports from Africa show that men and women are becoming infected in roughly equal numbers: if not by heterosexual intercourse, then by some other route common to everyone. In this country the figures from the CDC show clearly that heterosexual infection is now increasing at the same rate as did homosexual infection in the early days of the disease. In other words, as each population becomes exposed to the Aids virus we see that, by whatever means it is transmitted, the rate of increase in infection is always similar. Thus, the statistics tell us more about the probability that a member of a particular group will interact with an infected individual than about the transmissibility of the virus within that group. For some very small groups—for example, those looking after infected children, but not infected themselves—we simply do not yet know whether infection can or cannot occur. There are two reasons for this. First, the numbers are small; second, there is a latent period, up to two years in some people, between exposure to

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the virus and developing antibodies, and a longer latent period between exposure and frank disease. However, there is now a report from England of the possible passage of the virus from an AIDS patient to a member of the household, and there has been a similar report from Italy.

Since we know that the Aids virus is spread by normal, vaginal, heterosexual intercourse, the population now at risk is enormous.

Some illustrations may help. In San Francisco the incidence of exposure to the Aids virus, as revealed by the presence of antibodies in serum, is known quite accurately. It was absent from the male homosexual population before 1978 and present in a few percent by 1980. It is now present in over 80 percent. Since the ELISA test used may have a false negative rate of at least 15 percent, we will not know the exact numbers without testing for the virus particles themselves. However, the male homosexual population of San Francisco appears to be close to saturation, if not saturated, with the Aids virus. At the very least somewhere between 2 and 10 percent of those infected will develop full-blown AIDS, and thus eventually die of an opportunistic infection, *per year*. The actual rate probably lies between 4 and 7 percent, again per year. Many of those who do not develop AIDS will become demented, or die from diseases like tuberculosis which are not included in the CDC definition of AIDS, but which are beginning to show increased incidences again in the United States. Indeed, the presence of a large population with damaged immune systems is a danger to us all, quite apart from the danger of infection with the Aids virus itself, since many diseases which are endemic but not now dangerous will again become rampant. The ultimate incidence of fatal brain damage will not be known for many years, but it may be 100 percent for those infected but not developing AIDS. The latency for dementia seems to be longer than that for developing AIDS, but demented, sero-positive victims of infection with the Aids virus are appearing with increasing frequency in this country and in Europe. Dementia is also a symptom of Aids infection in Africa, which has only been recognized recently.

The figures from San Francisco, which are being corroborated by surveys from other countries, also show that the much-heralded "change in behavior" will have no effect. When the average homosexual in the San Francisco cohort had forty partners per year, the infection rate with the Aids virus was 24 percent; when he had changed to only ten partners a year, the infection rate was 75 percent. Thus, within the limits of accuracy in measurement, the chance of encountering an infected partner has not changed at all. The reduced incidence of promiscuous sodomy is exactly compensated for by the increasing prevalence of the virus.

In Miami over 40 percent of a small group of prostitutes tested recently were infected; in New York, most male homosexuals are infected and most intravenous drug addicts are too. Similar figures for comparable groups are being reported by all Western countries, even the relatively staid, such as Switzerland, or the relatively religious, such as Spain. Throughout the civilized world most, if not all, hemophiliacs diagnosed before 1985 have been infected by the Aids virus carried by clotting factor VIII preparations made from American blood. Their wives are showing an increasing rate of infection, which in the long run will give us our best statistics on the efficacy of heterosexual intercourse in transmitting the disease. The results so far are ominous.

In Africa censorship is beginning, so it will be increasingly difficult to obtain good data. Indeed, twenty-one of the African countries known to have AIDS epidemics do not report cases to the World Health Organization. We know now that in some countries up to 30 percent of urban populations are infected; some groups, which have been followed for four or five years, show rates of increase in infection just like those we have seen here. For example, prostitutes in Kenya had a 7 percent incidence in 1981, but a 51 percent incidence in 1985; infection of their male, heterosexual customers went from one percent to 13 percent over the same period. There is also epidemiological evidence that children within families are being infected after birth by their siblings. Whether this occurs when open sores allow mingling of blood, or by some other means, is not known. Other diseases, not originally associated with the Aids virus, are now known to be caused by it, or to be simply one of the standard syndromes with a local name. These names vary from "The Horror" to (in Uganda) "Slim Disease," so called because those affected waste away, become helpless, and die. Without widespread blood testing we will never know the true incidence of infection with the Aids virus in equatorial Africa because so many deaths, particularly among children, are given non-specific causes, such as diarrhea, or no cause at all. The same is true of the poorer parts of South America; a substantial Aids epidemic could well flourish in many South American countries before it was recognized.

The unequivocal facts that are not denied by those doing research on the Aids virus, or on the disease itself, are that the virus is a lentivirus, that it will be extremely difficult to produce a vaccine or a cure, that infection is permanent and can occur by several routes, and that the spectrum of fatal disease is much wider than the CDC definition of AIDS. Possibilities which fit the nature of the other lentiviruses but which cannot be assessed yet are that infection in utero may be 100 percent effective and fatal, that the overall fatality rate may approach 100 percent, that it will not be possible to make a vaccine, and, finally, that we are all equally at risk. What we do know with absolute certainty is that the disease will continue to spread if we do not act positively to stop it, and that its long latency and potentially permanent infectiousness mean that it will not die out as do some of the more spectacular, but shorter-lived epidemics, such as those of the Plague or small pox.

There are only three ways that the spread of a lethal infectious disease stops: It may be too rapidly fatal, killing off its victims before the disease can spread; the population infected may develop natural or medically applied immunity; it may not be able to spread because uninfected individuals are separated sufficiently well from those infected. From what we know now the only alternative available until cures or vaccines, or both, are developed, is to prevent the spread of the disease by making it physically impossible. This implies strict quarantine, as has always been used in the past when serious—not necessarily lethal—infections have been spreading. Quarantine in turn implies accurate testing, which will require the development of an efficient test for viral antigens, not just antibodies. Neither quarantine nor universal testing is palatable to the American public where Aids is concerned, yet both have been used without hesitation in the past. It is only a matter of time before we, in general, realize that the disease is not peculiar to those with eccentric habits.

Perhaps we should reiterate this thought: if "they" includes all male homosexuals now and to be recruited, all intravenous drug addicts now and to be recruited, all prostitutes, all past hemophiliacs, all customers of prostitutes, all those receiving infected blood (which we cannot detect, even in this country, with certainty), as well as their sexual partners, spouses, and children, who will be left? □

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Alonzo L. Hamby

CONTAINMENT'S COMEBACK

A policy that has stood the test of time.

In February 1946, the American foreign policy establishment, baffled and disturbed by a series of difficulties with its World War II ally, the Soviet Union, received an 8,000-word dispatch from the counselor of the U.S. Embassy in Moscow. George F. Kennan's "long telegram" was the first document to state a compelling long-range strategy for dealing with Soviet hostility. Called back to the United States shortly afterwards, Kennan made himself the nation's foremost foreign policy thinker, and in 1947 won wide public recognition with probably the most influential article ever run by *Foreign Affairs* magazine, "The Sources of Soviet Conduct."

The way Kennan stated the Soviet problem bore the marks of two grim years in Moscow. Treated more as an enemy envoy than an ally, Kennan in viewing the effects of the Stalinist totalitarianism all about him possessed none of the illusions still at large in Washington about establishing a climate of trust between Soviet and American leaders. For historical and, above all, ideological reasons, he asserted, Stalin and his associates were irredeemably hostile to the West. As a practical matter, moreover, Soviet leaders needed Western enemies to justify their totalitarian rule. Persuaded that the USSR was expansionist, but not recklessly adventurist, Kennan advocated "a policy of firm containment, designed to confront the Russians with unalterable counter-force at every point where they show signs of encroaching upon the interests of a peaceful and stable world." He argued that a Soviet regime unable to expand must eventually either collapse or transform itself into a more rational creature capable of dealing with the West on a traditional basis.

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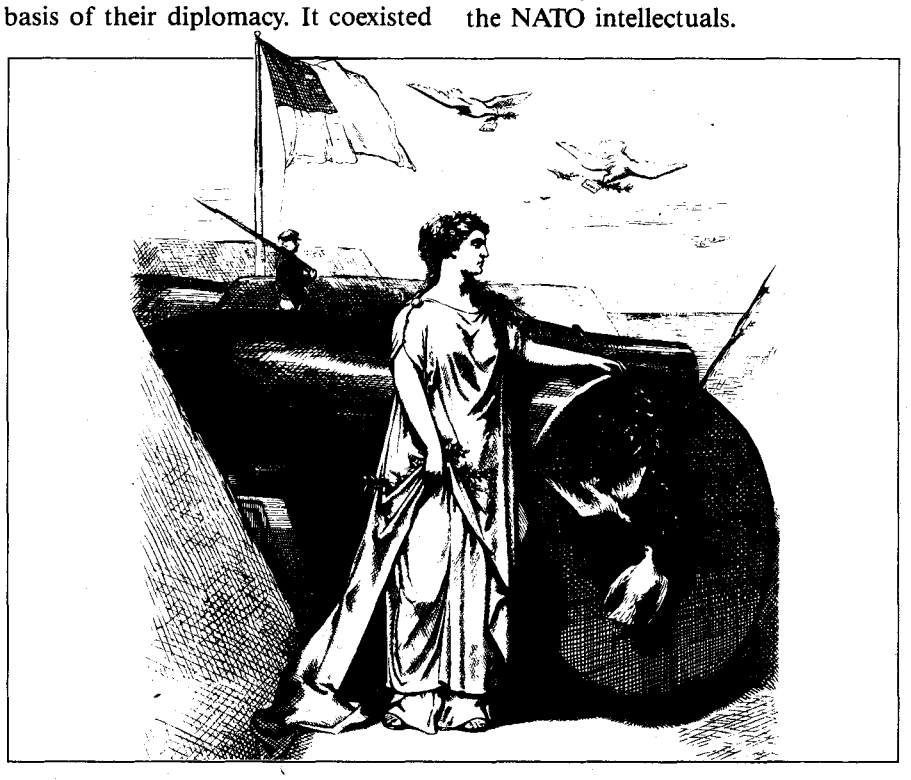
It is clear from John Lewis Gaddis's careful reconstruction of Kennan's thinking that he envisioned containment primarily as a diplomatic and economic program, but his language, however much he might attempt to explain it away in later years, clearly implied more. Whatever Kennan's intentions, containment required enough military power to deter ventures outside the boundaries of the Soviet empire.

Kennan, together with George Marshall, Dean Acheson, Robert Lovett, and, hardly least, Harry S. Truman, presided over some of the greatest achievements of postwar American foreign policy—the Truman Doctrine, the Marshall Plan, NATO—and brought a feared Communist advance into Western Europe to a halt. From 1946 on, containment *was* the Cold War. It was the primary justification for wars in Korea and Vietnam. Though it briefly went out of rhetorical fashion when Eisenhower and Dulles "unleashed Chiang Kai-shek" and encouraged "liberation" in Eastern Europe, containment remained the basis of their diplomacy. It coexisted uneasily with détente, under Nixon and Kissinger. During the Carter mushiness it went into eclipse; but it was rehabilitated after the invasion of Afghanistan persuaded the sage of Plains, Georgia, that the Soviet rulers were bad folk after all. Containment again reigns supreme under Reagan as the fundamental principle of American foreign policy.



It seemed altogether fitting, therefore, that the National Defense University recently sponsored a well-attended fortieth-anniversary symposium on containment and the future. Participants included scholars and intellectuals from around the country, numerous military officers in staff positions or in training at the NDU, and several second-level Administration officials. One noxious sub-species generally absent was the anti-anti-Communist, making the conference a relatively faithful representation of the range of views among those types that our colleagues at the *Nation* might call the NATO intellectuals.

Such meetings are always begun by trotting out the Old Lions, at least those among them still capable of constructing complete sentences. Several attended this one; but the most venerable of them all, still wonderfully articulate at 81, was George Kennan himself.

Kennan, of course, has backed away from the assumptions he so baldly stated in 1946 and 1947. Early in Truman's second term, his influence within the State Department began to ebb; opposed to the establishment of NATO and to the development of the hydrogen bomb, he quietly left the government to take up the life of a scholar and policy critic at Princeton. In the fifties, he developed proposals for the reunification and neutralization of Germany and for the removal of nuclear weapons from central Europe; the proposals seemed impractical to Acheson and Dulles alike. In the sixties, he gave succor to the anti-Vietnam movement by advocating a curious, almost certainly unworkable "enclave" strategy. In the seventies and eighties, Kennan, like so many contemporary intellectuals, has displayed an obsession with nuclear weapons that seems oddly out of proportion to the tiny possibility of a general Soviet-American war.

Recalling the atmosphere of 1946, Kennan described to a worshipful audience how World War II had left all of Europe vulnerable to internal, pro-Soviet Communist movements. He reminded his listeners of the especially menacing character of Stalin's rule. Today's situation, he said, is different. Marxist-Leninist ideology, devoid of appeal outside the Communist orbit, no longer presents a threat to the West. Soviet leadership is less sinister. (Again like many Western intellectuals, Kennan has been prone to see every Soviet dictator since Stalin as, if not a closet liberal, someone more amenable to rational negotiation.) Soviet military power, he conceded, is incomparably greater today and hence a cause for

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concern—but not much concern, because the Soviet leadership does not want war.

For Kennan, the only great danger today is the nuclear arms race. Beyond that, he discerned other problems at least as serious as those presented by the Soviet Union: chaos in South Africa, Moslem fundamentalism and terrorism, "the world environmental crisis," the general failure of the American people to make their government work, our tendency "to live beyond our means," illegal immigration. By the time he had finished, not much was left of containment in the 1946 sense. It apparently was dead, the victim of its own success in holding the line against Stalin and producing a more reasonable Soviet government. Why had the times changed so much? Are today's Soviet leaders less ideological? Is the Soviet Union no longer expansionist? Is there nothing left to be contained? To these questions, alas, he did not speak.

It is also customary at such gatherings to follow the Old Lions with a few yelping cubs, who pounce on their elders with varying degrees of seriousness. The yelps at this conference came from three after-meal speakers: Senator Malcolm Wallop (R-Wy.), Mr. Norman Podhoretz, and Professor Rashid Khalidi. All were critical in one way or another of how containment has been practiced.

Wallop's yelps, delivered to a luncheon at which Kennan was guest of honor, were the loudest. Judging from the mutterings and gnashings of teeth at my table, the Senator was fortunate that his audience didn't have ready access to rope, tar, and feathers. His address, presented in the form of a fictional speech to the Soviet Politburo by Comrade Boris Ponomarev (an actual minor Soviet functionary), was a remarkable display of the persistence of Old Right mythology.

Containment had been a blessing to the USSR, he argued, allowing it to consolidate its gains from one stage of advance to another. Implicit in his talk was the assumption that U.S. foreign policy should have focused single-mindedly on Soviet power from 1917 on, never mind such diversions as World Wars I and II. It assumed that the USSR until very recently had been so weak that its power could have been rolled back and its system destroyed by index-finger pressure—gain without pain.

Wallop emphasized the alleged sins of Democratic Presidents, conveniently omitting Republican contributors from Harding to Reagan. He gave one the feeling of having stepped through a time machine. Robert A. Taft, Sr., Joe McCarthy, and the young Richard Nixon would have loved his speech. The audience didn't.

Podhoretz also faced a skeptical audience; neoconservatism may be gaining ground on some campuses, but it's hardly an approved label among leading academic fashion plates. The USSR, he argued, has changed little in its internal organization or expansionist ambitions since the death of Stalin. Its greater strength, in fact, makes it a more dangerous enemy. Thus, the George Kennan of 1946-47 makes more sense than the George Kennan of today. Unlike the Kennan of those years, however, he urged a "Wilsonian crusade" against Soviet power.

Kennan has displayed an obsession with nuclear weapons that seems oddly out of proportion to the tiny possibility of a general Soviet-American war.

Even many of those who agreed with Podhoretz's assessment of the Soviet Union must have wondered if it were not a difficult enough task to make the world safe for the United States without embarking upon a crusade for global democracy as well. Still, Podhoretz's pronouncements won a more mellow response than Wallop's.

Khalidi, possibly Yasir Arafat's favorite academic, served a different function. Inadvertently, he reminded his audience of the way containment has facilitated special pleading from combatants in regional disputes. His message was clear, carefully garbed in the rhetoric of scholarship, and as effectively stated as it could be: Containment was failing in the Mideast because of U.S. support for Israeli "terrorism." To withdraw support from such loathsome Israeli activities as military attacks on PLO targets—the moral equivalent, Khalidi seemed to believe, of shooting old men in wheelchairs—would be to remove the major source of instability in the region and transform it into an anti-Communist bulwark. The audience, perhaps mindful of the degree of stability in Lebanon or along the Iran-Iraq frontier, appeared skeptical.

What then was the thinking of the pilgrims from the academy? There seemed a large measure of agreement that containment had in fact worked well. One heard the phrase "brilliant success" on two or three occasions. Several scholars cited the generally recognized failure of the USSR to serve as a model for Third World economic development.

At one of the many small seminars, a distinguished scholar asserted that Marxist-Leninist socialism was "a dying ideology" within, as well as without, the Soviet Union. The Soviet system as we know it, he said, would likely crumble within a generation. At another seminar, a speaker connected with the Reagan Administration exulted that Afghanistan has become the USSR's Vietnam. At a plenary session, a major historian dared to hope that he might live to write about the end of the Cold War.

Among some, however, doubts remained. Was it really true that the pragmatic failure of Soviet ideology destroyed its allure? Assorted Third World dictators, one participant told me, were more interested in justifying authoritarian rule than in workable plans for economic development. How susceptible to the pragmatic test are matters of faith in any event? The example of China gives some reason for hope that the USSR might move in the direction of a freer, more productive economy. But isn't it equally possible that the Soviet commissars, blessed with extensive control over the expectations of their people, will muddle along in their present rut?

A cranky participant questioned the characterization of Afghanistan as the Soviet Vietnam. Where, he asked, were the grisly combat pictures and critical commentaries on Soviet evening news, the editorials in *Izvestia* and *Pravda* demanding withdrawal, the mass demonstrations in front of the Kremlin? A government that controls the news, he argued, controls the thoughts of most of its people. It can maintain a difficult, costly military commitment indefinitely, destroy villages systematically, employ chemical warfare, scatter booby-trap toys to maim children. It will risk no backlash from its own population and will receive little rebuke from a world that simply assumes the Soviet Union will conduct itself in that fashion.

Afghanistan also raised the question of Soviet military power. Is containment actually a "brilliant success" because the West has demonstrated its economic superiority? Does economic strength override military strength? Most of the academics clearly wanted to believe that it does. But one wonders if Stalin in his most optimistic moments could ever have expected, short of the ultimate collapse of capitalism, that a generation after his death Soviet power would reach as far as Ethiopia and sub-Saharan Africa, Cuba and Nicaragua, Cam Rahn Bay and Saigon. Where has the advance of Soviet guns been stopped by good GNP figures? Where in the whole dreary record of Communist expansion has economic failure led to the collapse of a Communist regime?

Nor can one discount Soviet military power simply because Soviet marshals are not counting down toward a general war. The first purpose of military power, after all, is to awe and to intimidate, "to Finlandize." Neither economic example nor ideological attraction, for example, had much to do with the Soviet campaign to keep American missiles out of Western Europe. It was scarcely concealed nuclear blackmail—and it almost worked.

Central to such musings is a question that liberal-minded, pragmatic American academics find difficult. Just what are "the sources of Soviet conduct"? Are they primarily ideological, or is the USSR at bottom just another expansionist great power in the tradition of imperial states from Alexander's Macedonia to Kaiser Wilhelm's Germany? If the answer is ideology, as Kennan seemed to think in 1946, then surely a long twilight struggle lies ahead of us.

Most of the academics, however, appeared to lean toward the second option, partly because it represented the sort of thinking with which they are most comfortable, partly because it would hold out hope for a settlement of the Cold War. (How well do they remember détente?) Granted that the USSR, like all nations, moves to protect its perceived vital interests, and that like traditional nations it feels an impulse to expand into areas adjacent to its imperial boundaries. Still, what drives it into Cuba, Nicaragua, or Angola if not ideology?

Neither Gorbachev nor the dictators who preceded him are ideologues who act without reference to the real world. But then neither were most Popes. ("Like the Church," George Kennan wrote in 1947, "[the Kremlin] is dealing in ideological concepts which are of long-term validity, and it can afford to be patient.") What one does discern are leaders steeped in a secular philosophy of human nature and the historical process. That is the starting point of their cognition. Marxism-Leninism gives Soviet leaders the lenses through which they view the world, and provides the logic and rhetoric with which they explain it. They do what they have to do to survive, but the state ideology gives their regime both its distinctive character and its *raison*

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d'être. Its imminent death seems as unlikely as the renunciation of Immaculate Conception by the Vatican.

George Kennan had once hoped that containment would lead to the break-up of the Soviet empire. Nevertheless, the most troubling question about containment is whether, as actually practiced, it implies acceptance of any Soviet gain. Originally formulated to save Western Europe, containment has enjoyed at best mixed success in the non-European world. It has developed dubious formulas for dealing with Soviet military action by proxy, "wars of liberation," and limited, brushfire conflicts. In truth, not even the United States can create a world in which every Soviet-encouraged movement can be contained every time. Nor is there good reason to accept challenges in areas where this country has no compelling geopolitical interests.

There was a broad consensus among the academics that in a nuclear world it would be simply too dangerous to challenge the core area of Soviet dominance, Eastern Europe; Eisenhower and Dulles, after all, backed away from that game nearly thirty years ago. Some believed, however, that it should be possible to challenge Soviet imperialism in peripheral areas beyond any natural Russian sphere of influence. It had been done in Grenada; it could be done elsewhere. Notably, I heard no denunciation of aid to the contras in Nicaragua.

What, finally, were one observer's conclusions after two days of exposure to the academic foreign policy establishment? A dominant impression was the spectacle of admiring acolytes more committed to containment than the Old Master himself and hardly as soft-skulled as many on the right believe. There was also excessive optimism and two-dimensional thinking, intently focused on political and economic matters, heedless of military matters.

If, as seems probable, the USSR remains much the same, the world will continue to be a troubled, dangerous place throughout our lifetimes, and the Soviets likely will keep busy doing what they can to make it more troubled. The choices on such a planet are few. Withdrawal would be dangerous folly, condominium—call it détente or what you will—unrealistic. Containment is all that is left. If one considers the alternatives, it has been a success, not a "brilliant success" perhaps, but about the best that could be expected given the history of the last forty years. Because it has been a more feasible and reliable approach than "liberation," "détente," and "human rights," it has survived them all as the cornerstone of American foreign policy. □

Arch Puddington

EAST BLOC ECOLOGY

Smoke gets in their skies.

Until quite recently, official Communist dogma treated environmental deterioration as an exclusively capitalist phenomenon. Typically, Soviet ideologists blamed "anarchy and uncontrolled development in the capitalist world, the pursuit of profit, the legacy of colonialism" as the overriding causes of ecological problems throughout the world. If capitalism created pollution, then logically capitalism should assume the burden of pollution's elimination. "If the ecological crisis originates in the capitalist world," Soviet philosopher I. T. Frolov posited, "then it is necessary to rebuild substantially the capitalist system in order to remove the ecological threat." As for the inescapable existence of pollution in the Soviet bloc: "In a society with public ownership of the means of production, environmental disruption will invariably be accidental." Or, as a Czechoslovakian commentator once blurted out, ecological decay would be nonexistent were it not for "non-socialist individuals still surviving in the country."[1]

Unfortunately for the people of the Soviet Union and its Communist neighbors, the "accidents" have been fast accumulating over the years. It is by now evident that rational Marxian planning is no better equipped than anarchic capitalism to cope with the complex array of environmental problems which inevitably follow in the wake of industrialization. If Communist regimes were to publish accurate statistics for foul air and polluted water (most do not), they would discover that in this one area Marxism has caught up with and even surpassed the democratic world.

The label, "environmental crisis," overused and depreciated in the United States, is an appropriate description of current conditions in the more economically developed countries of Eastern Europe and parts of the Soviet Union. The word "crisis" has even begun to creep into official language. Although the quotations above were gleaned from fairly recent articles in the Soviet bloc press, they are not (or, to be precise, are no longer) representative of Communist writings on environmental matters. Especially in heavily industrialized countries like Poland, East Germany, and Czechoslovakia, the official media have been striking an uncharacteristically despondent theme of looming catastrophe,

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[1] The problem of environmental decay in the Communist world has recently elicited the attention of Western journalists and scholars. Two of the more interesting studies are Joan DeBardeleben's *The Environment and Marxism-Leninism* (Westview, $32.50) and Christine Zvosec's article "Environmental deterioration in Eastern Europe" (*Survey*, Winter 1984). Also worthwhile are the research bulletins prepared by Radio Free Europe/Radio Liberty.

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presumably as a way of warning the public that improvements cannot be expected for years to come.

There is something ironic about the Communist world's plight. As a man of the nineteenth century, Marx cannot be blamed for his failure to anticipate the price which industrialization would exact from the air, rivers, and forests. Despite his unconcealed contempt for the pastoral ethic (recall his sneering reference to the "idiocy of rural life"), we can well imagine the cannonades Marx would have aimed at the bourgeoisie had he written a Thesis on the Pollution Question. More to the point, Marxism has always counterposed the rationality and *humaneness* of a centrally planned economy to the sprawling, wasteful, and rapacious nature of capitalism. And from a theoretical standpoint, Communism, with its controls, centrally determined blueprints, and absence of entrepreneurial freedom, *should* be able to manage the environment with considerably more efficiency than a system which gives relatively free rein to the market. As we have learned in the United States, effective environmental protection often demands far-reaching, permanent government intervention in previously unregulated areas of business decision-making. Yet the degree of state interference summoned by the environmental impact statement pales before the constraints imposed by Communist regimes to prevent the reemergence of a capitalist class. Under the centralized arrangement adopted, at least at the beginning, by all Communist regimes, such crucial questions as where to locate factories, whether to emphasize heavy or light industry or agriculture, whether to use coal, oil, or nuclear energy, even the question of where people are allowed to live—all were to be determined by the state, in the presumed interest of the people.

The environmental debate, moreover, emerged initially in the West; Communist planners were thus granted a decade or so grace period during which action could have been taken to avoid the troubles afflicting their ideological adversaries. That the necessary measures were not adopted was not due to the stupidities of official ideology. For while Communism's public voice was boasting of socialism's built-in capacity to avoid environmental devastation, others—planners, economists, scientists—well recognized that Soviet-style economies were as susceptible as capitalism to pollution and the deterioration of nature's resources.

Yet the warning signals emanating from the West were ignored. In fact, the most severe damage to Soviet and East European environments was occurring during the 1970s and '80s, a time when widespread, vocal concern over the environment was forcing Western governments to implement thoroughgoing (and expensive) clean-up programs and, in countries like West Germany, provoking dramatic changes in the political culture.

Take the case of Poland. Polish authorities have divided water quality into four categories, ranging from Class One—fit for human consumption—to Class Four—unfit even for industrial use. According to one study, rivers which met Class One standards declined from 22 to 10 percent between 1967 and 1977. More disturbing were the figures for Class Four—unfit for any use whatsoever; these registered an astonishing increase from 32 to 48 percent from 1977 to 1980.

Prague, historically one of the most culturally advanced cities of Europe, doesn't bother to treat two-thirds of the sewage dumped into the Vltava River.

Equally serious problems have been noted in East Germany and Czechoslovakia. Northern Bohemia experiences periodic air-pollution alerts during which children are kept indoors and doctors told to be prepared for emergency treatment of those overcome by the pervasive smog. In that region's most seriously affected areas, workers are paid a special indemnity after ten years on the job as compensation for the presumed damage to their health caused by constant exposure to fumes from coal-burning power plants. At the same time, the regime has taken precautionary measures to prevent workers from abandoning the region, since the industries and mining operations there are considered crucial to the national economy. Water pollution has also reached crisis proportions: Prague, historically one of the most culturally advanced cities of Europe, doesn't bother to treat two-thirds of the sewage dumped into the Vltava River while Bratislava, the capital of Slovakia, treats none of its waste. In some parts of Czechoslovakia, bottled water is obligatory, much as in the Third World, and some Czechoslovaks reportedly insist on using bottled water for brushing teeth. The drastic upsurge in pollution is also blamed for the emergence of serious health problems in Eastern Europe's industrial pockets. For example, the male life expectancy in northern Bohemia is ten years lower than the national average, while infant mortality rates are 15 percent higher.

The official response to the mounting calamity varies from country to country. Generally, it has been the most politically secure regimes which have permitted the most candid debate and implemented the most aggressive enforcement measures. Thus the Soviet Union permits a more free-wheeling discussion of environmental controversies than the countries of Eastern Europe, Yugoslavia and possibly Hungary excepted. Unfortunately, these free commentaries are restricted to limited-circulation, specialized journals; in *Pravda*, the party line still reigns supreme. Even so, it is not unusual for the daily press to report on the poisoning of a river, the impending demise of an endangered species, or the devastation of a forest, and the coverage may include sharp criticism of an offending factory or of bureaucratic inertia.[2]

In the Soviet Union, of course, there is a limit to freedom of debate on environmental matters, as on every other question. No one is permitted to endorse, even obliquely, the limits-to-growth thesis, which is dismissed as a plot hatched by the capitalist haves to undermine the development of the have-nots of the Third World. The Soviets, in fact, have gone to considerable lengths to refute the Club of Rome's *Limits to Growth* doctrine, something due less to compassion for impoverished Asians and Africans (the Soviets having contributed mightily to their poverty through the export of a failed economic model) than to nervousness over latent anti-growth and anti-urban sentiments among the Russian people.

For those entrusted with the formulation of the official line, environmental contamination poses a special dilemma. The traditional Soviet position has been that Soviet might plus Marxian rationality can conquer any problem. Lately, and especially under Gorbachev, the braggadocio has been muted; the Soviet people are being told things which more nearly resemble what the future actually holds in store.

The difficulty facing propagandists is to explain just why it is that the environmental situation is unlikely to improve for many years. The most obvious, and not unjustified, excuse would be that truly effective environmental enforcement would hamper economic growth. The Soviets, however, have thus far rejected the ecology versus growth trade-off argument as an admission of weakness unworthy of the Leninist heritage. As an alternative, the Kremlin has concocted a strange line of reasoning: Capitalism

[2] Nevertheless, when in 1983 a dam burst in the Ukraine, spilling thousands of tons of contaminants into a major river, news of this ecological disaster was withheld from the Soviet public for six weeks.

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is responsible for socialist pollution. The capitalist ruling stratum, it is argued, purposely maintained pre-revolutionary Russia as a feudal backwater, thus compelling the new Bolshevik government to telescope into a few decades an industrialization process which had evolved in the capitalist world over several centuries. Crash industrialization did have its costs, of course, environmental degradation being one of the most prominent. Furthermore, now, just when the Soviet Union has achieved a remarkable economic transformation, a new threat stands in the way of full Communist prosperity and environmental health: World imperialism, under American instigation, has launched an unprecedented arms build-up, necessitating the diversion of resources from consumer goods and the environment to bombs and missiles.

The notion that ecological progress is dependent on dismantling the Euromissiles and jettisoning SDI may carry a certain credibility in the Soviet Union, where military power and foreign conquest are carefully promoted as the surrogate of economic success. In Eastern Europe, by contrast, money spent for defense is seen as money contributed (some would say extorted) for the support of an imperialist army of occupation. With the authorities there unable to appeal to citizens' patriotic instincts, and with the old alibi about capitalism as the source of Communist failure gone stale, new explanations and new approaches have been devised.

The most radical solution was instituted in Poland by the Gierek leadership during the 1970s. The regime had reached the conclusion that open discussion of the environmental problem—or any other domestic issue for that matter—posed a serious threat to the nation's fragile political equilibrium. It thus imposed strict and wide-ranging censorship. Air and water pollution, food contamination, the implications of widespread use of pesticides, and similar agricultural controversies—these and many other questions practically ceased to exist in the Polish press. As censorship guidelines (smuggled out of Poland in 1977 and later published in the West) reveal, the regime placed a high priority on smothering the burgeoning environmental debate.[3] For example, censors were instructed that

> No materials should be permitted which provide information about the current level of pollution or the increasing pollution of the Polish sections of rivers flowing from Czechoslovakia that results from industrial activities in this country.

Another example, involving a specific incident:

> It was discovered that harmful substances were being emitted from a material being used to seal the windows in School No. 80 in Gdansk. Classes have been suspended in that school. Absolutely no information on this subject should be permitted.

By no means were these isolated incidents; article after article was censored or totally suppressed—this in a country whose media have enjoyed a reputation as the Soviet bloc's most liberal. And we can safely assume that many articles that would have been routinely published in a free society were simply never written by journalists who, for career reasons or out of utter exasperation, succumbed to self-censorship. Not that journalists abandoned the struggle altogether. Some information was permitted to seep through to the public. The censor's blessing, however, was usually restricted to vague, general, and optimistic formulations; references to specific events, or suggestions that a problem might not be readily soluble, were deleted. Thus many scientific warnings went unheard: about the inadvisability of locating an industry in an area suffering a water shortage; the level of pollution in the Baltic Sea; references to the devastation of forests by air pollution; reports on the amount of DDT in Polish fish; even recommendations of specific ways to bolster environmental enforcement.

The difficulty facing propagandists is to explain just why it is that the environmental situation is unlikely to improve for many years.

The Gierek regime's censorship policies were not without logic. Gierek rose to the pinnacle of power because of the previous leadership's botched economic policies and a series of regime-shaking worker riots. As Gierek saw things, Communism's future—not to mention his own—would rise or fall with the regime's ability to induce high rates of economic growth. But unlike the Stalinist era, when workers and farmers were made to work harder and consume less in the interest of industrial development, Gierek faced simultaneous challenges of expanding the industrial base and satisfying restive consumers with more food, cars, and televisions. To meet these two goals, Gierek hit upon the idea of financing domestic economic expansion through trade and credits with capitalist nations, something never really tried by a Communist country. And the psychological element in Gierek's strategy was crucial: Dubbed the "propaganda of success," this amounted to an endless stream of articles touting the achievements of the new course, coupled with the suppression of anything that might raise doubts in the minds of Poles or foreign investors—like the suggestion that pollution and industrial activity were intertwined.[4]

No other Soviet bloc regime has felt it necessary to impose a virtual press blackout on environmental subjects. Instead, an interesting shift in official pronouncements on ecological issues has taken place. Where in the past the public was assured that environmental catastrophe could be prevented by the timely and intelligent application of socialist principles, today expressions of extreme pessimism and impotence are often encountered. Occasionally, individual sloth is blamed, as in a Czech ideologist's assertion that "lack of discipline and indifference" are at the heart of the trouble. Or, alternatively, we are told, again by a Czech, that "the solution for the ecological problems depends on the success of ideological work." A somewhat different course has been followed by the East Germans, who have attempted to divert public attention from the industrial sources of pollution by attributing the deterioration of the country's forests to various subsidiary causes: heavy snowfalls, storms, poor forestry management, even predatory insects.

It goes without saying that nothing resembling independent environmental movements is allowed to function in Communist societies. In fact, the authorities regard *Western* environmentalists with considerable wariness. This fact by itself tells a great deal about the disruptive potential of ecological issues, at least as the Communist ruling elite sees things. One ordinarily would expect the Kremlin to support unconditionally those in the capitalist world who are in rebellion against capitalism and the alleged lack of humane and spiritual values in the West. Yet the

[3] See *The Black Book of Polish Censorship*, edited and translated by Jane Leftwich Curry (Vintage, $8.95).

[4] It is only fair to note that official Polish attitudes toward the environment have improved since the Gierek era. An important side effect of the Solidarity era was the establishment of the Polish Ecological Club, an independent organization which remains in existence today. More significantly, a confidential report prepared by the Polish Academy of Social Sciences describes Poland as suffering the worst pollution in the world and concludes that one-third of the population lives "on the verge of ecological catastrophe."

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Soviet press nearly ignored Three Mile Island; on the other hand, months after the event *Pravda* continued to denounce the "persecution" of the black radicals of MOVE who died in the Philadelphia incident. The Kremlin has also been cautious in bestowing praise on West Germany's Greens, despite their manifest neutralist sympathies. While it is conceded that mass ecology movements "could be an important positive factor in the class struggle and a significant antimonopoly force," such movements are also seen as uncertain allies, whose "concepts combine both progressive and reactionary positions and elements of antimonopoly protest with apolitical and even anti-Communist aims."

As is their usual practice in dealing with troublesome social causes, Communist regimes attempt to control and manage citizen concern over the environment instead of overtly suppressing it. Party-sponsored environmental entities have been formed in most Communist countries, and the party takes care to channel their energies into such non-threatening projects as tree-planting and municipal clean-up expeditions. Nevertheless, the official environmental committees are permitted more latitude than the bogus peace councils or the hierarchies of certain subverted church bodies. The success of the Greens has apparently sent a cautionary message to the East, and the authorities have decided that a limited quota of protest must be tolerated to head off spontaneous movements which could eventually serve as the basis for a political opposition.

Ultimately, the major obstacle to environmental improvement in the Communist world is the stalemate of the Soviet economic model. Throughout Eastern Europe, and to a lesser degree in the Soviet Union, Communism has relied on economic growth and an undemanding workplace routine as the principal vehicles for the attainment of a measure of popular acceptance. Growth is particularly crucial for the rulers in Poland, Hungary, East Germany, and Czechoslovakia, countries with historic links to the West, whose citizens equate Communism with a culturally inferior and imperialist foreign power, and compare living standards not with the Soviet Union but with Austria, West Germany, Sweden, and other prosperous nations of Europe.

In a perverse way, those who think capitalism responsible for the environmental catastrophe now confronting Eastern Europe are right. From the very outset of postwar Communist rule, a time when economies all across Europe lay in ruins, the example of capitalist success has been a destabilizing force, an ever-present reminder of Communism's inability to compete economically. In practical terms, the capitalist example has meant that the economic structure of Communist societies cannot be built at a normal pace for fear of falling further and further behind the West. Nor have the relatively high rates of growth registered during the sixties and seventies resolved the dilemma, since growth predictably whetted East European consumer appetites and since, in any event, the exhaustion of the Soviet model has produced a stagnant or even declining standard-of-living over the past five years. Of course, if Communism were to be forced on the entire world, there would no longer be a need for Communist regimes to engage in an inherently unequal race with capitalism; since such an outcome is unlikely, the environment must be sacrificed at the altar of growth.

We are told, again by a Czech, that "the solution for the ecological problem depends on the success of ideological work."

This trade-off poses special problems for the Communist world, with its reliance on technologically archaic industries and one of the most environmentally destructive sources of energy, brown coal. Another disadvantage for Communist economies is their resistance to change. In the United States, environmental achievements have resulted not simply because of stricter regulatory enforcement, but also because of the transformation of the economy brought about by its openness to technological innovation. Communist countries are not, of course, incapable of economic modernization; after all, many of the world's most sophisticated weapons have been produced by the Soviet Union. Here again, the problem is less technological than political. As we know in the United States, the making of a post-industrial economy is disruptive and often painful, involving high unemployment, the virtual death of smokestack cities, and downward mobility for millions of blue-collar workers. These are serious problems for any political system; but they pose a dangerous threat to societies whose sole claim to legitimacy is economic security. In a country like Poland, a decision to raise the price of ham is fraught with political risk; even in the Soviet Union, increases in the price of food and changes in production norms have triggered riots. It is thus hardly surprising that no Communist regime has seen fit to institute the kind of sweeping change which, while almost certainly beneficial in the long run for both the economy and the environment, would necessitate short-term dislocations in employment patterns.

If anything, environmental decay can be expected to worsen in the immediate future. Eastern Europe is becoming more reliant on brown coal as the Soviet Union increases the price of oil. The adoption of strict anti-pollution standards has not been accompanied by anything approaching a serious enforcement effort. The key enforcement instrument—imposing fines on offending industries—is one of the least effective means of fighting pollution; factories find it less expensive to pay the relatively mild fines than to install scrubbers or similar devices, and it is common practice for an enterprise to include in its budget a special fund for payment of environmental fines. Another diversionary approach is the much-heralded development of "smoke-resistant" trees, which are planted in forests killed off by coal-burning power facilities.

Finally, no discussion of the East European environmental crisis is complete without reference to the psychological incapacitation brought on by decades of totalitarian rule. In most democratic societies, and certainly in the United States, the environmental ethic has become ingrained in the public consciousness. But it has yet to take hold in societies under Communist rule. Although Marxist propaganda boasts that under socialism nothing is impossible, those who live in existing socialist systems understand that in practice very little is possible beyond the necessities of life. The authorities complain of apathy and indifference, especially among the young. Yet these are the attitudes which Communism inculcates in those ordinary citizens whose destinies are not directly tied to the Communist party. Having witnessed movements for change or liberation rise and fall—twice in Poland, once each in East Germany, Hungary, and Czechoslovakia—the people of the satellites regard with cynicism the prospects of changing the system "from within." To be sure, there exist in every Communist country dedicated conservationists, and even a few ecology radicals of the anti-growth variety. But environmental reform requires that the ideas propounded by the activist elite enjoy the support of the public. Today, such support does not exist among people who are constantly being told that a few more years of sacrifice will be necessary before the march towards full Communist affluence can begin again. □

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Richard Brookhiser

SAILING FROM BYZANTIUM

A lesson in history's finality.

Istanbul, like Rome, is an imperial city. Unlike Rome, the transitions between the phases of its past have been swift and violent, with little continuity between them. Modern Istanbul has been for sixty years the chief city of a secular, nationalistic republic, kept in order by a business-like military. Ottoman Constantinople was, for four hundred years before that, the hub of an oriental empire that started out crass and competent, and ended merely crass. The Constantinople of the Byzantines—or the Romans, as they styled themselves to the very end—lasted longest of all. It is also the most interesting today.

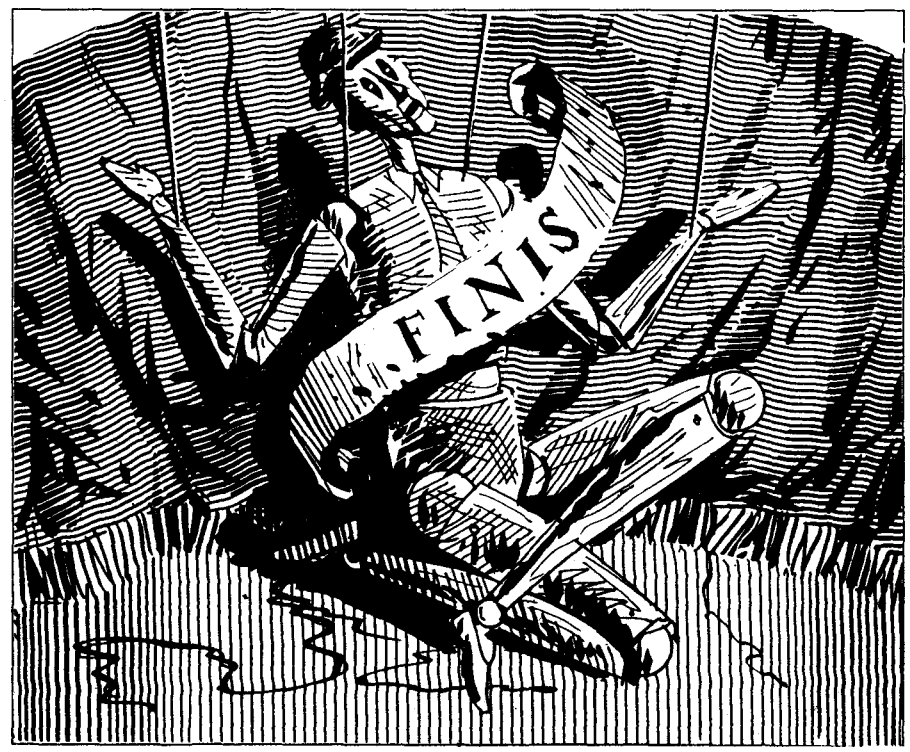
The emperor Constantine made the city capital of half his empire in 330 A.D. A Turkish army took it in 1453. The interval of time between the two—eleven centuries—is almost incomprehensible, as a measure of social duration. Buildings may survive that long, or bristle cone pines—not human institutions. In the modern world, only the papacy and the god-emperor of Japan have had a better run for their money.

At its greatest extent, in the sixth century, the Byzantine Empire stretched from Spain to Egypt. Five hundred years later, it still covered an immense rectangle with corners in Syria, Sicily, Croatia, and the Crimean peninsula. A long succession of enemies tried to whittle it away. Some—the Persians and the pagan Bulgarians—were beaten. Others—Arabs, Normans—took their bits and pieces before they were finally stopped. Catholic western Europe, in the form of the Fourth Crusade, sacked the city and gave the empire its death blow. (The Pope, to his credit, excommunicated the crusaders when he found out what they had been up to.) Moslem Turks disposed of the husk.

Surprisingly little remains in the city the Byzantines built. An aqueduct straddles one of Istanbul's main north-south roads, swirling with little Turkish Fiats and aged DeSoto limousine taxis. There are the walls of the emperor Theodosius, which were manned and maintained until the end of the nineteenth century, when developments in naval gunnery made them obsolete. There is a small park whose outline preserves the course of the chariot track of the Hippodrome, and which contains two characteristically imperial monuments—plunder from somewhere else: an Egyptian obelisk, and a broken trophy stand from the oracle of Delphi. (The park also has an iron gazebo, Victorian and absurd, a present from Kaiser Wilhelm II.) Here and there are columns, mostly toppled, and churches, turned into uninteresting mosques. Two churches, once mosques, have been turned again, into museums.

The church of St. Savior in Chora (still known to cab-drivers as Kariye Jami, or Kariye Mosque) lies in sight of the Theodosian walls. When it was erected, in the sixth century, it was in the countryside, like St. Martin-in-the-Fields in London, though the city soon swept around it. After eight hundred years, it was touched by a genius. Between the Crusaders' sack in 1204 and the final Turkish siege, the Byzantine empire shrank to a mini-state, about the size and importance of Belgium. But in that period of political impotence, it experienced a cultural renaissance. The glory of St. Savior dates from that midwinter spring.

The patron of the work was a statesman and dilettante, Theodore Methochides. There is a mosaic of him in the church today, wearing a bright, bulbous turban (in their final eclipse, the Byzantines adopted Turkish fashions). He offers a model of the church, the size of a big toy, to the Virgin. Methochides fell from power in a court intrigue, and ended his days as a monk in the church he covered with splendor (it would be interesting to know whether the mosaic of himself was a source of joy or pain).



The mosaics that cover the outer rooms of the main church are mostly intact. The Turks did not whitewash them, as they usually did, but only covered them with wooden partitions. In a small church with a low ceiling, they make a sumptuous and intimate feast. The most striking thing, to Western eyes, is the absence of a Passion. There is a fine death of the Virgin, which must have elicited the same emotions of pity and terror. But the Byzantine Christ, at least as St. Savior depicts him, is a young middle-aged man in the fullness of his vigor, with stern eyes and brows—a dispenser of justice, not a sufferer of injustice.

But the prize of the church, even more than its mosaics, are the frescos of the side chapel. Under the dome at the end stands a row of church fathers, dressed in robes of black and white checks and stripes, stark as Mondrians. Over them is one of the great resurrections. The ground is strewn with a litter of locks—the broken bonds of death. Adam and Eve, who brought death into the world, come to life first—Adam a noble, ruined old man, Eve a failed Mary in red. Between them strides Christ the resurrector, hauling them from their tombs with a firm, irresistible grip. They seem surprised, maybe still half asleep. He is a picture of power, love, and impatience. When this vision becomes too hypnotizing, you may retreat outside, where the Turkish Automobile Club has planted trees and painted the neighborhood.

St. Savior is small and perfect. Hagia Sophia, the Church of the Holy Wisdom, is huge and perfect. It was the cathedral of Constantinople, dedicated on Christmas Day, in the year 538, at the height of Byzantine power. When Justinian the Great, who had commissioned it, first saw it, he is supposed to have exclaimed, "Solomon, Solomon, I have beaten you at last." It is surely the most impressive non-Gothic church building in the world. The Gothic succeeds by the use of light and darkness,

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by the seeming defiance of gravity and the suggestion of vast spaces. Hagia Sophia is vast—75 yards from floor to dome—but almost doesn't seem so. Its classical shapes—right angles and circles—are so perfectly proportioned and arranged, it can be grasped in one overwhelming glance.

If you want to study a big building gone wrong, you can walk across a little park to the Blue Mosque. By its position and its appearance—in the skyline, the two domes look almost identical—it invites comparison with Hagia Sophia. There's no contest. There must be beautiful mosques in the world, but this isn't one of them. Huge, obvious pillars cut the space. It is an adequate building, nothing more, with all the emotional force of a granary or an airplane hangar.

It is easy to examine the proportions of Hagia Sophia, since they are almost all that remains.

It is easy to examine the proportions of Hagia Sophia, since they are almost all that remains. A few mosaics here and there, including one large Virgin—nothing else. The building is desecrated, a shell. The crusaders dragged its icons in the mud. The Turks destroyed what was left. Their additions are as unsightly as their obliterations. The walls are now hung with Koranic inscriptions on huge medallions. Arabic calligraphy can be a beautiful thing when it is hand-sized. Blown up fifty times, it looks like Coke billboards.

It was a strange civilization. We think of it, when we think of it at all, as a parallel Middle Ages—an eastern version of what was going on in western Europe. But it was a Middle Ages without barbarians and their vernaculars, without chivalry and feudalism; without Aristotle and Aquinas, or Guelphs and Ghibellines, or the wars of England and France and their nationalistic heroes—King Harry, Joan of Arc. In short, no Middle Ages at all. It was an unimaginable afterlife of the Roman Empire, Christian and Levantine, which held off its barbarians until the fifteenth century.

When the Sultan finally breached Theodosius's walls, after a 52-day siege, a remnant of the Byzantines fled to Hagia Sophia in the hope of a delivering angel. Turkish soldiers came instead, to lead them into slavery. Sly Gibbon described the scene, and for once, forgot to smile.

> In the space of an hour, the male captives were bound with cords, the females with their veils and girdles. The senators were linked with their slaves; the prelates with the porters of the church; and young men of a plebian class with noble maids whose faces had been invisible to the sun and their nearest kindred. In this common captivity the ranks of society were confounded; the ties of nature were cut asunder; and the inexorable soldier was careless of the father's groans, the tears of the mother, and the lamentations of the children.

This is one of the uses of Byzantine civilization: as a lesson in history's finality. Historical consciousness, which is a modern invention, has persuaded us to think of history as an enormous buffet, whose courses are always available. But this is an illusion. We can, by tremendous efforts of study and empathy, think our way back to parts of the past. But we cannot truly share its life unless something of the era we seek to retrieve still lives in us—unless, in a sense, it is still a part of our present. But extinctions, when they come, are final. History is a thorough killer. Byzantium is a way the West didn't go. It was a cousin, but it left no descendants, in us, or anyone. We are in some ways more remote from the world of Theodore Methochides than from that of Caesar or Socrates or Isaiah. Byzantium is our easiest access to real strangeness.

Which makes it particularly relevant in the years after 1984. George Orwell's book, whose title has finally obsolesced, was also about extinction. Its hero saw himself as the last representative of pre-totalitarian culture; Big Brother's victory, when it came, was total and final. It is a commonplace of Orwell scholarship that the idea of *1984* was not original. He borrowed the shape of its world from another book, James Burnham's *The Managerial Revolution*. Burnham, writing in 1941, as an analyst, not an artist, predicted the emergence of three antagonistic world empires, engaged in constant warfare, despite the fact that their social systems would all be essentially similar. This state of things, Burnham warned, was already upon us. "The managerial revolution is not just around the corner. . . . The corner of the managerial revolution was turned some while ago." *1984*, if anything, made Burnham's world-picture grimmer, for it depicted the totalitarian era as eternal. "The proletarians," Orwell's grand inquisitor explains, "will never revolt, not in a thousand years or a million. They cannot. . . . The rule of the Party is forever."

The irony of Orwell's Burnham borrowings is, of course, that when he had considered *The Managerial Revolution* in his own persona, as a socialist journalist and reviewing hack, he had scorned it for its gloomy determinism. "Fortunately," Orwell wrote, "the 'managers' are not so invincible. . . . The huge, everlasting slave empire of which Burnham appears to dream will not be established, or, if established, will not endure, because slavery is no longer a stable basis for human society." Hopeful words, written a few months before he began work on *1984*.

The discrepancy is not simply a bookish quarrel, or a matter of literary biography. It comes up constantly in our foreign policy debates. How we deal with the Soviet Union depends, in part, on what is at stake. If the Soviet system is mellowing, or converging with ours; if our "values" are eternal things, like geometric theorems, or the spectrum of colors, which will persist whatever happens to the United States of America, or to "Western civilization"; we may temper our behavior accordingly.

So which is it? What would be the result of a world, responding to the Soviet magnetic field (or the Third World's, or some combination of both)? Endless night, or passing cloud? Constantinople suggests something in between.

A Byzantine resurrected in twentieth-century America would notice several current ideas at least formally similar to his own: concepts of law and the state; or Christianity. But the substance and practice of modern beliefs would be as strange to him as his are to us. In place of autocracy and Roman law, he would have to rummage among such notions as democracy, socialism, and natural rights. Instead of a Universal Patriarch and a Priest-Emperor, Peer of the Apostles, he would confront Jerry Falwell, Bishop Moore, and John Cardinal O'Connor.

So with us, after our demise. Orwell the journalist was right. No empire, not even a slave-empire, is immortal. The impulse to human freedom would revive, in some form or other. America is not, as Lincoln claimed, the last, best hope of earth. But Orwell the artist, and Burnham, were also right. Liberty, as we know it, would be extinguished, and the form in which it revived, unrecognizable. History, and men, never return to exactly the same spot. America is the last, best hope of the earth we know.

Outside the entrance to Hagia Sophia is a teahouse in a shaded garden, stacked with architectural rubble. There, for a quarter or so, you may sit among the shafts and capitals, and think of these, and other matters. □

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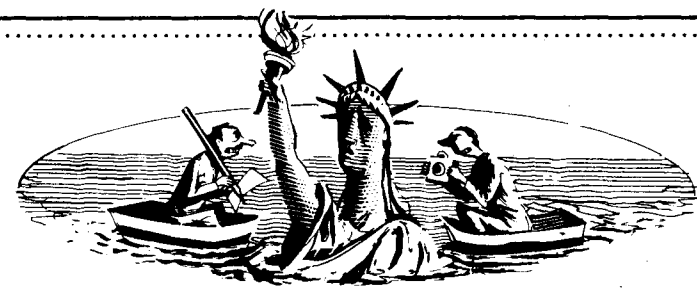

ULTIMATELY UNFORTUNATE

by John O'Sullivan

When ABC decided to postpone—and even to consider canceling—a projected miniseries on a hypothetical Soviet occupation of the United States, entitled "Amerika," it admitted that among its reasons was that the Soviets had warned that its showing would entail "unfortunate" consequences for ABC.

"Unfortunate" is, in such contexts, a wonderfully sinister word. It carries echoes of those suave villains in Hollywood thrillers who veil the crudest threats in the silkiest adjectives. On this occasion, however, the word meant what little it said. The implied Soviet threat seems to have been nothing worse than a refusal to allow the ABC news program, "World News Tonight," to be broadcast from Moscow during the month of February.

ABC had hoped to arrange such broadcasts to attract higher ratings in the dull winter months. No very great journalistic advantage was promised. It might be easier to hold interviews with those Soviet journalists like Vladimir Posner trained to mimic liberal terminology and American television techniques. But that means more disinformation rather than more information. And as for the advantages of merely "being there," they are doubtful in a controlled society of Potemkin institutions where the cynical Russian proverb "no one lies like an eyewitness" makes greater sense.

So ABC had an opportunity to demonstrate its attachment to high principle. It could declare that it would not submit to the censorship of a foreign government for the sake of profit. And there can be little doubt that, if the U. S. government had made such a threat, that is exactly what ABC would have done. But there is a difference. ABC would have known that it could bully the U. S. government into backing down. It felt no such assurance *vis-à-vis* the Kremlin. Accordingly an ABC executive prudently announced that the corporation, already anxious about "Amerika's" spiraling costs, would naturally take the Soviet protest into consideration when deciding to cancel the program.

The entire incident might almost have come from the first episode of "Amerika" in which it is outlined how the U. S. gradually falls victim to a bloodless Soviet takeover. All the elements of appeasement are present: the India rubber flexibility of liberal principles; the pre-emptive cringing before a power which, though still distant, is real and ruthless; the lucrative contracts of economic détente which persuade Western businesses not to offend politically; and, finally, the curious lack of real indignation at ABC's conduct.

To be sure, there has been criticism—notably, an eloquent protest from the Secretary of Education, William Bennett. But those Europeans who imagine the U. S. to be permanently throbbing with anti-Communist fervor would be unnerved by its mild *pro forma* quality. Underlying this moderation is the anti-anti-Communist view that, though the appearance of knuckling under to Soviet pressure is, well, "unfortunate," ABC has after all only decided not to do what it shouldn't have been doing in the first place.

This found expression in a *New York Times* editorial which condemned "Amerika" as "conspicuously feeble . . . nonsense . . . dumbness squared . . . rubbish . . . absurd." Since I have not seen "Amerika," which has not yet been filmed, I cannot say if that view is reasonable. But the *idea* of "Amerika" at least is not conspicuously feeble. There is a well-established literary tradition in which a hypothetical political future is invented in order to illuminate and criticize political trends in the present. It includes Jack London's *The Iron Heel*; several novels from H. G. Wells, notably *The Sleeper Wakes*; Sinclair Lewis's *It Can't Happen Here*; Huxley's *Brave New World; 1984*, of course; and Constantine Fitzgibbon's *When the Kissing Had to Stop*.

And by a happy coincidence, it also includes a recent book describing life in a future Soviet-occupied America: *What to Do When the Russians Come* by Robert Conquest and Jon Manchip White.

What Conquest and Manchip White have done is to put the known consequences of earlier Soviet occupations into fictional form. And the form they have chosen is a satire on that literary expression of American self-improvement—the "how to" book, to be found at the checkout counter in supermarkets (*How to Profit from the Coming Nuclear Holocaust*, or the coming inflation, or the coming slump, or whatever).

This arranged marriage of form and content produces some wonderfully funny straight-faced advice to Americans in their various political, occupational and domestic roles. Recreational gardeners, for instance, will be too busy queuing to have much time or energy for mowing. So they are counseled to use their lawn profitably "by keeping chickens and, perhaps, a pig. . . . Such livestock will even then have to be guarded continuously from sneak thieves and bands of marauders . . . [but] it may be possible to keep the pig indoors at night."

Maoists and Trotskyists are warned flight is their only sensible course. But members of the Ku Klux Klan can expect a brighter future in the red dawn: "Trials will be held in Washington and in the South in which men totally without KKK sympathy or background will be branded as such. The Soviet authorities will have little use for real KKK members . . . but those who have specialized in anti-Semitism and have any journalistic or demagogic flair may come to some arrangement, and be retrospectively proved not to have been KKK men at all."

This last point particularly enraged a Soviet reviewer who indignantly declared that "the lampoonists should know that the 'white cloaks' do not even dream of greater freedom than they already have in today's America!"—a criticism which, shrewd-

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ly interpreted, supports the authors' argument. The paperback version is now advertised with the recommendation: "filthy slime" (*Izvestia*).

I looked up the advice to television journalists: "We suggest that you acquire some appropriate skill such as bookkeeping," say the authors kindly. It is understandable that, starting with such a bad prognosis, ABC executives shouldn't want to irritate anyone unnecessarily.

• • •

Some years ago, Professor F. A. Hayek noticed that the word "social" had acquired an entirely new function. It had been transformed into a prefix meaning "not" or "un." For instance, the phrase "social conscience" means blaming everybody else (under the sobriquet "society") for whatever ill happens to be under discussion. Similarly, insofar as any definite meaning can be attached to the phrase, "social justice" means dealing with people without any regard to their personal merits. "Social science" is an umbrella term for various academic disciplines like sociology which never submit their conclusions to the test of falsifiability. And "social worker"—well, I need say no more.

The rise and fall of such usages is an interesting topic for study. In the above case, the original sense of various useful and attractive concepts like justice and conscience had, in effect, been abolished. Having been first emptied of content, these concepts were then filled up with meanings amenable to socialist thought.

A comparable transformation has overcome the word "ultimately" in recent journalistic comments on Middle East terrorism. We now find the word employed as follows: "The cause of international terrorism is *ultimately* the West's failure to find an answer to the Palestinian question."

That is, of course, nonsense. The cause of terrorism is the terrorist. He plants the bomb or pulls the trigger. So he—not some abstraction like Western diplomatic failure—is responsible for the murdered child or the policeman's amputated leg. "Ultimately" is used to obscure this simple and obvious fact.

If we want to understand this from an analogy, imagine a detective interviewing a murder suspect:

D: "What is the cause of your wife's death?"

M.S: "Alcoholism."

D: "But she was discovered with her head bashed in by a blunt instrument. That doesn't *look* like death from alcoholism."

M.S: "Your explanation is too simplistic. It's true that I bashed her head in—but only because I was sickened and angered by her drunkenness over the years. I would never have harmed her if she hadn't had a drinking problem. So the cause of her death was *ultimately* alcoholism."

This sort of argument comes under the general heading of the complexity fallacy of which John Gross has said: "Complexity is the last refuge of the scoundrel." I predict a great career for "ultimately" in the liberal claptrap.

• • •

A recent front page story in the *New York Times* on a new conservative trend among young people in West Germany illustrates the flaws of a form of reporting that is now very fashionable on all sides. The method used is to detect some new social trend and then to demonstrate its existence by stringing together anecdotes about individuals who exemplify it and quoting them extensively on it. The trend may concern yuppies, or right-wing West Germans, or anything at all. A fictitious example of the genre:

Joe Sixpack, 32, an unemployed turntable operator from Des Moines, Iowa, recently started dating a gay native American. It's the first time that Joe has tried switching,

(continued on page 46)

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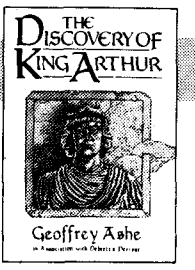

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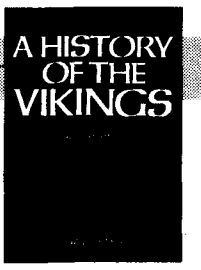

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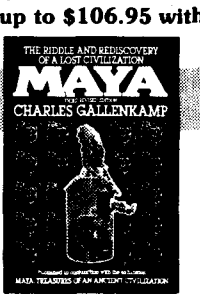

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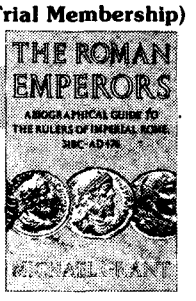

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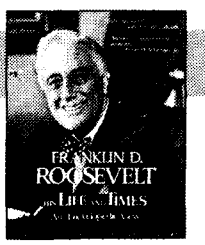

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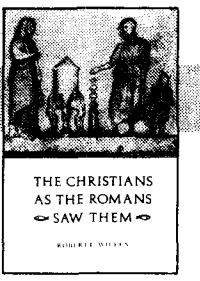

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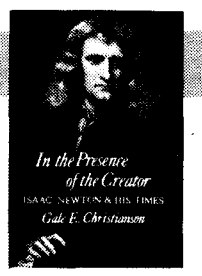

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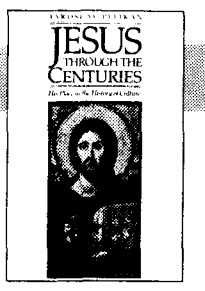

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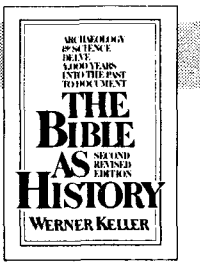

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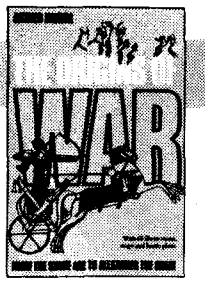

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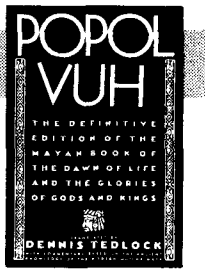

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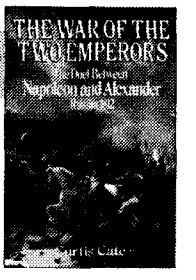

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SPECTATOR'S JOURNAL

LOST IN LEBANON

by William McGurn

Beirut—Here on the overnight ship that ferries passengers from the island of Cyprus to the port just north of the Lebanese capital, the social and economic distortions arising from the country's decade-long civil war become painfully apparent. Lebanon's one airport being located in Moslem-held West Beirut, many people forsake the undeniable convenience of direct air travel for the undeniably greater convenience of not getting bagged by one of West Beirut's innumerable terror groups. A normal two-hour hop to, say, Rome thus becomes a two-day trek over land, sea, and air.

Along the way Americans are reminded that even the traditionally Westward-looking Christian community here is no longer enamored of Uncle Sam: Crew members returning passports to debarking passengers relegate U.S. ones to the bottom of the pile, making Americans the last off the ship. Not far from this port, 241 U.S. Marines lost their lives to a suicide bomber who crashed his explosive-laden truck into their barracks. The Lebanese talk of the subsequent American pullout as "the second fall of Saigon."

Once ashore, however, the Middle Eastern propensity for overlooking political divergencies in the interest of a little more *baksheesh* reasserts itself. My suitcase is grabbed from my hand by a young Lebanese who steers me toward his cab. A windshield bedecked with holy pictures and the word T-O-N-Y spelled out in glittering stick-on letters assures me that my new friend is not in the employ of the Islamic Jihad. He says his name is Antoine and that he likes Americans; they are so *generous*. The pitch begins almost immediately. "You good man, Mee-ster Weel-yum," he tells me at regular intervals.

As the recent peace accord signed in Damascus by the Christian, Moslem, and Druse militia chiefs demonstrates, Lebanese hopes are today in Syrian hands. Careening across the one large road that runs along the Lebanese coast and through Beirut, Tony indulges in some bad-mouthing of both Israel and the U.S.—another sign that the shift away from the West has reached the Christian half of Lebanon's three million people. Just a few years ago, Tony probably would have been singing their praises.

The distinction is crucial. For unlike the hatred of all things American or Israeli in the Islamic world, the hatred expressed by Lebanese Christians is new. More telling, it is a hatred born of disappointment. By coming in only to cut and run when things got sticky, the Lebanese say, both the Americans and Israelis made a bad situation worse. The result is a tremendous sense of abandonment among Lebanese Christians, the same people who (with Western backing) were responsible for making theirs the sole nation in the Near and Middle East where Christian, Moslem, and Jew stood equal before the law. Not coincidentally, Lebanon is the only place in the same area where Christians are free and equal citizens.

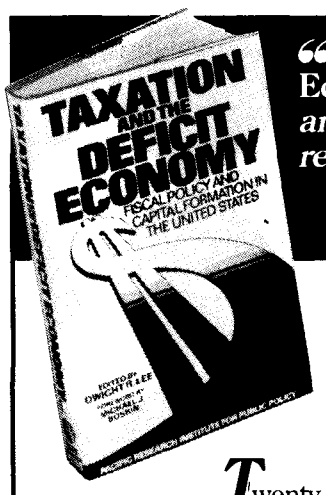
Lebanon's pluralistic democracy sadly has been overwhelmed by all the coverage of its civil war, in particular by American television's natural preference for footage of the more-or-less constant gunfire along the "Green Line" dividing East and West Beirut. Lebanon thus appears to most Americans as a land populated solely by terrorists and Moslem fanatics. "If I go to New York," asks a handsome North Lebanese student, "what do they think of me there? Do they think I am terrorist?"

Lost, too, in the coverage is any real sense of the Lebanese Christian community, or any awareness that fanatical elements in Lebanon—inspired mostly by Iranian and Libyan fundamentalist groups—are threatening them with extinction. Certainly all Christians are not angels and all Moslems are not fanatics. But the West has an interest in Lebanese Christians because they are Lebanon's democratic element, not simply because their religion happens to be more familiar to us than Islam. Living as we do in a peaceful secularism, where religious differences are left to the individual's conscience, we forget that in the Middle East the fundamental distinctions are religious, and that these distinctions have awesome social, political, and economic consequences.

Our awareness is therefore based on highly selective facts. Over a half-million Palestinian refugees poured into Lebanon after 1948, and their fluency in English (Palestine was under a British mandate) has helped make their grievances known throughout the world. But Lebanon's Christians are being slaughtered, and much of the world doesn't even know that half of Lebanon *is* Christian. We all know about the horrible Phalangist massacre at the Sabra and Chatilla Palestinian camps in 1982 that came three days after the assassination of president-elect Bashir Gemayel. But how many know that until this war Christians lived in peace with their Moslem and Druse brothers all over Lebanon, and that the reason they lived all over the country was that they were placed as buffers, because the various Moslem sects and Druse cannot get along with each other at all?

That America's and Israel's failure of will in Lebanon was bad for Lebanon has been obvious from the start. But in wake of the Syrian-brokered peace accord it is beginning to dawn on some people that these failures are not so good for the West, either. Syria deploys missiles in Lebanon's Bekaa Valley and expands its military presence throughout the country. Yet not a boo from the same people who lambasted American and Israeli military intervention here. Even before the Damascus accord, the Syrians occupied 65 percent of Lebanese soil, with another fifth falling into the Israeli security zone. Yet the fourth estate, most of which holes up at West Beirut's Commodore Hotel, continues to write about a "Christian-dominated government"—technically true, but a government whose de facto control extends to a mere fraction of the land. Today there are 600,000 Lebanese Christians who have been made refugees in their own land. Yet all we hear about the Christians is their refusal to reduce the powers of the presidency—which to Western ears appears as an obstinate insistence on an abstraction.

William McGurn is editorial features editor of the Wall Street Journal/Europe *and a European editor of* The American Spectator.



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Of course, even in the midst of a civil war normal life adapts. Aside from the war (or perhaps because of it), Lebanon is in most respects a libertarian paradise. There are no exchange controls, for example, so it is one of the few places left where a man can enter and leave with a million dollars and no questions asked. There are several different private armies, most of them superior to the government's. Even the traffic betrays a laissez-faire spirit: Not a single traffic light seems to exist in the entire country, and the Lebanese driver tends to go for his horn when his more delicate American counterpart would go for the brake.

This does have its down side. The lack of monetary controls that made Lebanon the banking capital of the Middle East has made it the drug capital as well. The existence of efficient and well-financed private armies is a major obstacle to Lebanese unity and political reform. And although there are no meter maids to hand you a parking ticket, there's also no one to protect you from being shot by the irate driver whose fender you just dented. All in all, a visit to Lebanon demonstrates why men born free tend everywhere to prefer at least some chains.

Whether the Damascus agreement will really bring the peace the Lebanese so desperately want is anybody's guess; the signs are not promising. Still, the people are optimistic. Ironically, places like Lebanon—where the different segments of the populace are busy cutting one another's throats—are invariably promoted in travel books as having people known for their "warmth and friendliness." The greater irony is the travel books are right. □

EUROPEAN DOCUMENT

HI, I'M JOHANNES RAU

by Amity Shlaes

Europeans are taking a long time to surrender their jokes about Ronald Reagan's movie theater past. The student hogging the window in your train compartment is still likely to ask in his best ironic tones about that "cowboy-actor"; a Brussels audience watching Steven Spielberg's *Back to the Future* laughs loudest when the time machine takes it back to a 1955 theater with a Ronald Reagan billing on the marquee. Even when they get used to Reagan, Europeans still don't quite understand him. The big lesson politicians here seem to have abstracted from American politics is that appearance is all, and the campaigns for several coming elections are replete with examples of hard-bitten old ideologues sweating to "out-image" one another. Television coaching and questions of style are shaking up the old issue-bound coalitions, and parties scarred from forty years of battle under the proportional representation system are working hard to polish up candidates for the coming round of elections. In no country is this more evident than in the Federal Republic of Germany, where in 1987 the hoary Social Democratic party has a good chance of electing to chancellor the prime minister of the state of North Rhine–Westphalia, Johannes Rau.

The center-left SPD is a century-old creaker badly in need of help. In an earlier incarnation it helped oversee the enactment of Bismarck's social welfare laws, establishing Germany's tradition as a social welfare state, and since the end of World War II it has been the party of unions and intellectuals. Back in the early 1970s, when Willy Brandt brought the party to its postwar zenith with his popular Ostpolitik, the Social Democrats were winning nearly 50 percent of the vote. But things went downhill from there, and lately the party has been registering closer to 40 percent. In 1982, Helmut Schmidt's coalition with the centrist Free Democrats finally collapsed. Since then there's been additional hemorrhaging as some voters depart for the new radical environmentalist party, the Greens.

A variety of good old-fashioned plots are afoot in the SPD to woo back the organization's fading constituency. Brandt, the party patriarch, and his fellow Ostpolitik pioneer Egon Bahr are busy dropping in on East Bloc capitals and have even signed an agreement with Communist leaders in hopes of reminding voters of their past achievements. Their unofficial—and, opposing Christian Democrats charge, illegal—foreign policy is intended to undercut the government in much the same way Jesse Jackson aimed to upstage President Reagan at the Geneva summit. On the homefront, Brandt's ideological godchild, Saarland state prime minister Oskar Lafontaine, won voters with a heavy-weight anti-NATO pitch. And the prime minister of the state of Hesse has entered into a coalition with the Greens that some Social Democrats see as a model for a federal-level government.

None of these ideological SPD figures, though, is the party's candidate for chancellor. Instead the party last September decided, somewhat surprisingly, to go with the 54-year-old Rau. In a way the choice was an obvious one—Rau scored a resounding victory for his party in his home state last year. But there were other SPD winners in the same elections—Saarlander Lafontaine, for example, was the first Social Democrat since 1966 to win a state back from the right. What got Rau the job was widespread recognition that his handsome, preacherly air (his father was a Protestant pastor) and his moderate principles mark him as a new kind of German politician, a change from the run-of-the-mill, puffed-up professional that one is likely to encounter in Bonn.

In his platform the North Rhine–Westphalia leader hawks a brand of populism that is something novel in today's Europe, but it also reminds one of the appealing, conciliatory populism that in the U.S. went out with Jimmy Carter. At a December party convention in the town of Ahlen, Rau swore he would never "snivel or dissemble. I will remain who I am." Rau's answer to Germany's biggest problem, continuing high unemployment in the face of growth, seems vague and long term: he wants to overcome the "social, technological and ecological challenges" that unemployment represents, a task he estimates will take a generation. He supports cutting taxes for those with annual incomes under DM 80,000 (about $33,000) but raising them for Germans in the highest brackets. With the rest of his party he opposes a change in labor law currently

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being debated that would make it harder to strike. "Rau believes a little bit of everything, but not all of it," writes commentator Herbert Kremp in the conservative national paper, *Die Welt*.

On foreign policy, Rau couches his statements even more vaguely. "We continue to insist," he declared, "that Pershings and Cruise Missiles must be negotiated away, just as the Soviet equivalent weapons must be. I will, as chancellor, initiate action in our alliance and towards the Soviet Union [regarding the matter]." His low tones and pleasant demeanor at the Ahlen meeting reflected the motto posted under his microphone: "Reconciliation Instead of Separation."

The reconciliation Rau is after, though, may be hard to find even within his own party. True, Willy Brandt paid lip service to Rau's position in the party journal *Vorwaerts*, telling fellow Social Democrats that "Rau is better" than a more ideological candidate. Rau wants to win an absolute majority, as he did in North Rhine-Westphalia, but if he is to gain power a coalition government seems almost inevitable (no recent poll has the SPD winning more than 48 percent).

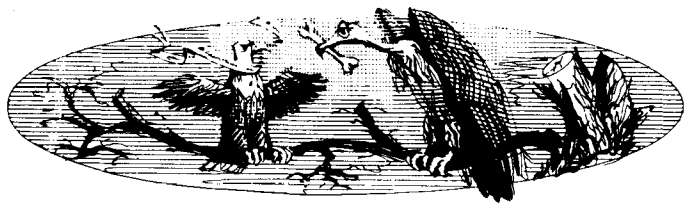
Many Social Democrats feel that coalition should be with the Greens, a group Rau refuses to have anything to do with. But the Greens are not going to go away. The SPD-Green coalition in Hesse, complete with a Green party minister of environment, was established *after* Rau was named the SPD candidate for chancellor. In the meantime, the rest of the SPD—which doesn't have the populist role to play—is biting into the government with more than the usual dose of venom. The SPD faction leader in the Bundestag charged on January 3, for example, that Minister of the Interior Zimmerman "endangers . . . the well-being of the state" in his interpretation of confidentiality laws in the wake of recent spy scandals. Attacks on the government's "piggish" social welfare cuts and charges about the "pitiless egoism of the right wingers" came from members of the same party that sponsors Rau's gentle statements. Rau may represent a new kind of politics, but the rest of the SPD continues the strident campaigns of the past.

The same differences pop up in foreign policy. Rau—like many a West German politician of the left and right—has visited with officials in Moscow and with East German boss Erich Honecker. But he has not been involved in the Social Democratic party's campaign to conduct an independent foreign policy. Indeed, he's covering all bases, as demonstrated by his trip to Washington in early February. Social Democratic leaders, meanwhile, have gone so far as to conclude a model pact with East Germany on chemical weapons, one that in some respects supersedes international agreements between the Soviet Union and the United States. Egon Bahr and Willy Brandt say that the party, if elected, would immediately begin working to turn such drafts into real treaties. Rau hasn't had much to say about that, either.

At the beginning of Rau's candidacy it looked as if the bumbling chancellor, Helmut Kohl, might make up for all of Rau's internal party problems. Back in September, only 32 percent of Germans polled by the national weekly *Stern* magazine said they'd prefer Kohl as chancellor, while 43 percent chose Rau. But by December the gap between the men had narrowed to a virtual tie. Although Kohl is still viewed as a problem for his party—"Kohl is a handicap for the Christian Democratic Union," read the headline of a lead story in the national news magazine *Der Spiegel* this January—Rau's "image success" apparently isn't permanent.

Pollsters right now are divided over who will win in 1987. But the West German economy may in the end be what breaks the "image" candidate. In Germany, which had an inflation in the 1920s that makes Argentina's today look insignificant and where unemployment encouraged the rise of National Socialism, economic points count more than others in an election. Although unemployment at 9.3 percent remains high, 3 percent growth is predicted for next year, and the stock market is booming. Most relevantly, *Stern* reports that the traditionally dour Germans are feeling more optimistic than they have in years—some 61 percent said they were looking forward to the next year, just about double the 31 percent who had hopes for the next twelve months back in 1981. For such a grumpy country, that's a change more interesting than any momentary shift in election tactics. □

THE NATION'S PULSE



MAKING IT

by Bruce Bawer

Standing in line at the supermarket checkout recently, I was intrigued to notice that the cover of the current issue of *Vogue*—a periodical to which I ordinarily do not pay a great deal of attention—boasted a "special report" on my hometown, little old New York. How could I resist? Eschewing the diverse attractions of the latest *Newsweek, TV Guide,* and *National Enquirer*, I grabbed *Vogue* and found my way to the "special report."

Alas, the report turned out to be less than special. It offered little more than the usual superficial survey of trendy restaurants, fashionable department stores, and high-toned hostelries. But leading off the whole thing was a keynote piece that I found myself reading all the way through, and then (since the man in front of me was buying enough groceries to stock a fallout shelter) reading all the way through again. Written by one Joan Juliet Buck, it was entitled "New York: Life at the Center of the World," and it went—in part, at least—like this: "Today, any man who is a real man has to measure himself against New York City, and that goes for any woman, too. To refuse is to be a pacifist, a coward, and a ninny." Indeed, "the duty of everyone alive is to participate in its existence . . . to stay away from New York is to live in the past and to refuse the challenge of opportunity." For "the past century has made New York America's capital, no matter what the official truth is: and the last five years have made New York the center of the world."

The center of the world! As I slipped the magazine back into its rack, it occurred to me that I'd run across a lot of pieces like that lately. They all had that same breathless, hyperbolic quality, as if the writer were trying desperately to convince himself that, yes, New York in the eighties *is* Mecca, Camelot, and Shangri-La rolled up in one. Why, I wondered, was it so important for them to believe this nonsense? Shouldn't the important question be whether living in a given place contributes to one's happiness and sense of fulfillment?

It's not, after all, as if the city has, in the past five years, become the center of anything that it was not the center of before. It is, as it was a generation ago, the headquarters of American garment production and of publishing, the home of the stock market, the location of great art museums and theaters and the New York Public Library and the United Nations. It is, as it was a generation ago, the city that young Americans migrate to in order to make their lives a little more interesting.

What's changed, though, is that these young Americans—who are now coming, as Miss Buck observes, in greater numbers than ever—are no longer drawn to Gotham so much by its real attractions as by the unprecedented and unrealistic hype of a hundred Miss Bucks. What started it all? Maybe it was Frank Sinatra's 1980 recording of "New York, New York," the song of the immortal if meaningless line: "If I can make it there, I'll make it anywhere." Or maybe it was Woody Allen's shamelessly romantic 1979 film *Manhattan*; or maybe it was the 1977 election of Ed Koch, that

Bruce Bawer writes for the New Criterion, *the* Wall Street Journal, *the* Washington Times, *and other publications.*

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nauseating stereotype of a New Yorker who has become something of a one-man ad campaign for the Big Apple.

Wherever it began, the upshot is that hordes of young Americans, convinced that New York is The Only Place To Be, have swarmed into town, their determination to Make It There patheticaly imprinted on their faces. Their other identifying characteristics are equally unmistakable. They refuse to live in Brooklyn or Queens or the Bronx (indeed, they make a point of boasting that they don't know their way around those dull Outer Boroughs). They laugh at tourists. They sport T-shirts that say "Welcome to New York—Now Go Home." They hang on their walls a copy of that *New Yorker* poster depicting a Manhattanite's view of America, with everything west of the Hudson exceedingly vague. They reside in sections of the city that used to be known as slums but have now turned into high-rent districts because these onetime out-of-towners are willing—nay, eager—to live there, among the chic New York rats and cockroaches, the chic muggers and pushers, the chic falling plaster and smell of urine in the hallway. One day a year or so ago I was standing with one of these new New Yorkers on the grimy front steps of his crumbling apartment building when he proudly nodded in the direction of a prostitute who was plying her wares not ten feet from us. "That's our local hooker," he boasted. "They don't have *those* back home!"

Most of these young immigrants come to New York boasting that they are artists of some kind—painters, poets, singers, musicians, dancers, actors, novelists. (Sometimes all seven at once.) To be sure, most of them support themselves by working as waiters, secretaries, and the like, but even if they never actually get around to creating anything, they persist in considering themselves to be artists and feel no qualms about identifying themselves as such. They would not get away with this back home, or even try to—but New York is different. It's not the real world to them but is, rather, an Emerald City, a Fairyland, a place to live out their dreams. They perceive New York's dirty streets, dangerous subways, and armies of street people not as real problems but as colorful fantasy problems, like the nasty apple trees, evil monkeys, and sleep-inducing poppies that Dorothy encountered on her trek down the Yellow Brick Road. The city's one big movie set to them; watching them walk down its streets, one has the feeling that they spend each day imagining that a camera is on them, tracking their passage up Fifth Avenue, past the Plaza Hotel, into Central Park. It is the presence of the imaginary camera, one senses, that gives their lives meaning. They are at the Center of the World, and the world is watching. (But of course it isn't.)

"I've conquered New York," an immigrant from one of the loveliest towns in the Midwest told me recently—meaning not that he had prospered or found contentment on the banks of the Hudson, only that he had survived. He was chain-smoking, was pale and nervous and tired, was living in a horribly overpriced East Village loft in what looked from the outside like an abandoned building—but, hell, he was still here! He'd *made* it. □

POLITIQUE INTERNATIONALE

A TOUCH OF CRASS

by Taki

To add my two bits to what Peregrine Worsthorne and his critics had to say in the pages of *TAS* about Anglo-American relations would be a bit like trying to sell a publisher yet another collection of Virginia Woolf's letters. *Un peu trop*, as the French say. So I will do the next best thing and add my ten cents on a subject that is relevant to Peregrine's anti-Reaganism and anti-neoconism and also dear to my heart. To wit, why is it that our cousins the Brits seem at times to worry more about Washington's foreign policy than about the grand tour the Russkies periodically take to such romantic places as Berlin, Budapest, Prague, and Kabul, not to mention that randy little capital Havana?

Mind you, when I say the Brits I don't mean Mr. Worsthorne, a man whose manners are so impeccable I would forgive him even if he tried to get me fired from my job (which he once did). And speaking of manners, here's a story about Soviet manners as opposed to American ones.

In November 1973, I returned to my birthplace—as well as that of selective democracy, upper-class buggery, and anti-Turkish sentiments—after covering the Yom Kippur War for the leading Athens daily, *Acropolis*. The publisher gave a party in my honor, and invited some of the Athens-based foreign diplomats. Two Russians were among the first to arrive, the cultural attaché and the third secretary of the consular section. As soon as my host finished introducing us the two began praising the guest of honor, calling my prose immortal and going so far as to compare my dispatches from the Arab-Israeli war with those of that blind Greek who reported the Greco-Trojan conflict long ago in the *Iliad*.

Now as one Chinese stamp collector told another, "Philately will get you everywhere," and I must admit that I was awfully flattered. Not only did the two Russkies become my new best friends on the spot, I found myself sticking closer to them than that painted-up propagandist, Christabel Hitchens, sticks to rich. Washington hostesses. And our friendship survives to this day. Oh, I almost forgot. There were American diplomats there too, but if memory serves, they were busy discussing a Dallas Cowboys football game the Armed Forces radio had broadcast that afternoon. There was certainly no philately from the American corner for the greatest Greek writer since Homer.

Which brings me to the point I'm trying to make. American diplomats go abroad to do a job, namely to advance the foreign-policy goals of whatever administration happens to be in power. This is not the case with the Soviet "diplomatic" corps. All Soviet diplomats, and I mean *all*, have strict instructions when abroad to proselytize and infiltrate the media of the country they're in, and to try to infiltrate the key centers of power. So imagine what lengths the Russkies must go to when in contact with bigger fish than Greek hacks, or how flattering they can get in the presence of big lasagnas of countries slightly more important than the Olive Republic of Grease.

Such wiles have not been lost on the Brits. Adding to that, a large segment of the British elite continue to perceive the Soviet Union as their wartime ally who stood fast against Hitler while America dilly-dallied about entering the war. Even before that, the Soviet Union was looked upon by leading Brit intellectuals as the most progressive society in the world, and countless of them paid groveling visits to the land of the Gulag.

Furthermore—and this is most important—as early as 1950, the Communist party of Great Britain understood that as a result of its lack of popular support, it would change its strategy from trying to obtain Parliamentary representation to infiltrating the centers of power—including Parliament. That move proved so successful that moderate members of the Labour party admit that many trade unions, the media, and their own party are heavily tainted. In fact, the Permanent Select Committee on Intelligence of the U.S. House of Representatives has heard evidence in the past that the Soviet investment in propaganda is between $3 and $4 billion per annum. (Compare this with the kind of moolah Uncle Sam spends in order to win friends and influence people—and cry.)

The thug who runs this small-budget operation is a beaming Russkie by the name of Leonid ("Call me Lenny") Zamyatin, and his task is rather simple. It is to discredit or to promote—according to the needs of Soviet

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strategy—ideas, plans, countries, and individuals. As some of us realize, Lenny has done a hell of a job. Such a good job, in fact, that Andrei Sakharov himself wrote that "People in the West have been bought by Soviet agencies in the most . . . direct sense of the word. These include political figures, businessmen, writers, journalists, government advisers and heads of TV and press."

By far the greatest successes of the Soviet disinformation campaign have been the peace organizations sprouting all over the sceptred isle. Their umbrella is the Unilateral Disarmament Movement, a group that includes among its members countless well-meaning souls who have fallen for the Russian line the way rich adventurers used to fall for Babs Hutton. These movements have created a public mood against taking measures for defense that can only be compared to that of the thirties, when the Blunts and Burgesses of the period undermined the will of the free world to defend itself.

Mind you, the Soviets have also had help from the Blunts and Burgesses of today (most of whom, alas, one cannot name because of the ridiculous libel laws that seem to protect mostly the guilty nowadays) as well as from self-publicists like Antonia Fraser and her husband Harold Pinter, both in the forefront of rallies that demand cruise missiles out of England. (Lady Antonia leads those rallies from the front, fanning herself with a copy of *Vogue* magazine and sipping Perrier with a twist of lemon if it's hot.)

The common denominator that unites peaceniks, certain trade unionists on the take, and the Soviets' media and Parliamentary stooges is, needless to say, anti-Americanism. The overall effect of this virulent but extremely subtle anti-Americanism is enormous. It manages to infect and corrupt British life, yet no less than the leading stalwart of British conservatism, Peregrine Worsthorne himself, has dismissed such fears of conspiracy as poppycock, and has written that people are not such gullible fools as some of us from the right might think. Well, with all due respect, I think Mr. Worsthorne is as wrong on this as Neville Chamberlain once was about Munich.

Is it any wonder, then, that Uncle Sam's foreign policy is as suspect among well-meaning Brits as, say, a midnight knock on the door is among Muscovites? Add to that the gut anti-Americanism among the old guard of the Conservative party—they see U.S. culture as basically philistine and vulgar, the purveyor of the filthy values of "Dallas" and "Dynasty," as opposed to the Euro-Russian heritage of Tolstoy and Tchaikovsky—and what do you get? Easy. A people that tend to see Soviet crimes as past mistakes, mistakes that are equated with American "crimes" in Vietnam, and who imagine that life under the Soviets would be no worse than it is today under American economic and cultural "domination."

Finally, there is what James Brady calls the sagging upper British lip syndrome. I call it the opposite of *Schadenfreude*, or how one loser relates to another. The Brits lost India and are soon to lose Hong Kong. They used to make the best cars in the world but now make some of the worst. They used to win at cricket but now even Indians beat them, not to mention the West Indians. They drink instant tea whereas they once drank the tea their flunkies planted for them. The last Englishman to win Wimbledon did it in 1935. The Russians? Well, the Russians have never won Wimbledon, and their cars are even worse than those the Brits make. Their last great victory was in Prague against flower children, and their tea is as undrinkable as their women are unbleepable. Ironically, both countries have wonderful diplomats. And you should see their stamps. □

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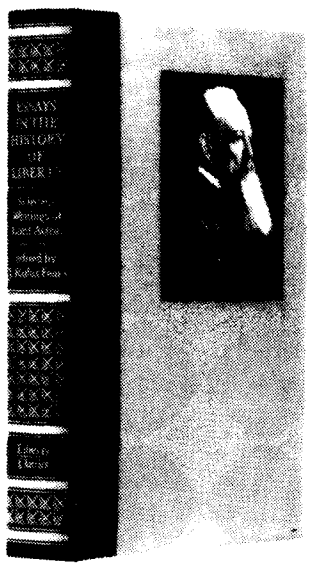

SELECTED WRITINGS OF
LORD ACTON
VOLUME I
ESSAYS IN THE HISTORY
OF LIBERTY

By John Emerich Edward Dalberg-Acton
Edited by J. Rufus Fears

Lord Acton was among the most significant figures in the intellectual life of Victorian England. His enormous erudition won him the admiration of Gladstone and led to his election to the Regius Professorship of Modern History at Cambridge. There he became the organizer and first editor of the *Cambridge Modern History.*

Acton's famous aphorism "power tends to corrupt and absolute power corrupts absolutely" may be juxtaposed with another Acton line "the development of liberty is the soul of history. . .". Acton wrote many essays, reviews and letters which reflect his great learning and his deep concern with liberty as the central concept for the understanding of history.

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BOOK REVIEWS

BREAKING FAITH: THE SANDINISTA REVOLUTION AND ITS IMPACT ON FREEDOM AND CHRISTIAN FAITH IN NICARAGUA

Humberto Belli/Crossway Books/$8.95

Joan Frawley

During the early 1960s, the failure of the Alliance for Progress to generate social change in Latin America prompted activists and theologians to undertake a critical reassessment of American power and Catholicism's role in that deeply religious part of the world. Many reached the conclusion that U.S. imperialism was the key stumbling block to progress, and, moreover, that Latin American poverty was a specific failure of the church. Not only had the local church failed to confront an unjust status quo, according to this view, but its emphasis on personal salvation had nurtured false hopes and distracted the impoverished from challenging their oppressors.

Thus if Catholicism were to encourage economic development and social justice, the church itself would have to change. The decisive question was, how much? Progressives thought "a preferential option for the poor"—the advancement of social justice combined with doctrinal orthodoxy—was enough. Radicals, however, sought to rebuild the very basis of church authority and teaching. Traditionally, Catholic doctrine was derived from revealed dogma, the works of philosophers like Augustine and Aquinas, and papal encyclicals. In a profound break with the past, the radicals argued that Catholic faith must be validated by *praxis*, a concrete activity, rather than doctrine, and that such activity must be based on commitment to the poor.

It was in this milieu that the Sandinistas seized power. Plenty of documentation and analysis is available on their drift toward totalitarianism. We have much less on what supposedly made their revolution so special: the vaunted role of Christians in the insurgency and in the establishment of a new Nicaraguan society. Liberation theologians claimed that Christians would curb the Marxist tendency to repression; the newly found option for the poor would resolve the historical antagonism between religion and Marxism. Under such assumptions the Sandinista revolution was greeted with a good deal more optimism than could otherwise be expected in the wake of the boat people, the Mariel flotilla, and other embarrassing events in the recent history of liberated countries.

As a former Sandinista militant, Humberto Belli is a reliable chronicler of the regime's efforts to exploit religious faith for its own totalitarian purposes. *Breaking Faith* is a response to the siren call of liberation theologians who insist that Christians can safely use Marxist analysis as a "scientific" method without converting to its inner logic. As he unravels the conceits of church radicals, Belli also reflects on the tactical uses to which a politicized faith, robbed of doctrinal discipline and tied to the fortunes of nine ex-guerrillas, can be put.

Significantly, Marx's critique of religion provoked the changes sought by the liberation theologians. Marx described religion as both the embodiment of an oppressive system and its justification. The new theologians maintained that the experience of the oppressed would serve as a starting point for a bottom-up reconstruction of an indigenous church. The seeds of this offensive were planted in *comunidades de bases*, basic Christian communities that used the Gospel message to criticize the status quo and pursued small development projects. Marx had identified the proletariat as the essence of revolutionary consciousness; now the Latin American *campesino* became the depository of a new politicized theology.

Even many church progressives by the early seventies had come to accept the necessity of a "strategic alliance" between Christians and Marxists—a tactic also urged by Castro since the early seventies when local revolutionaries failed to attract popular support. The new emphasis on *praxis* rather than doctrine allowed frustrated reformers to link the two contradictory notions of human nature and its perfectibility. It no longer mattered whether an activist called himself an atheist or a believer; what mattered was whether he served the interests of the poor. By the mid-seventies, the Latin American guerrilla became the most Christ-like figure of all.

Central America's struggling revolutionary movements lost no time exploiting these developments. In Nicaragua, Tomas Borge, one of the FSLN founders and a committed Marxist, met with Padre Ernesto Cardenal (now Sandinista minister of culture) in 1969, and in 1971 with Father Uriel Molina, an important church leader who had begun to experiment with liberation theology. Seeking an alliance between the Sandinista *Frente* and the revolutionary Christians, Borge found a receptive audience in Father Molina, who began a *comunidade de base* in his impoverished Managua parish. But Molina did not attract the poor of the neighborhood; instead, he drew the guilt-ridden offspring of wealthy Nicaraguan families who sought to resolve the apparent contradictions between their Christian faith and the FSLN's revolutionary ideology. Calming their fears, Molina told them (according to Belli) that "only through a radical change of the present order could the poor be rescued from bondage. Therefore, commitment to the revolution was not alien to Christianity but integral to it."

Father Molina's lessons resulted in a one-way process of conversion from Christianity to atheistic Marxism. Belli, then a young FSLN member, recalls the party's tolerant approach to the revolutionary Christians whose wealth and connections provided the guerrillas with badly needed funds, transportation, and training locations:

> I was pleased to see these Christians coming closer to Marx and revolution. In no way did I experience any encouragement from them to consider the validity of Christian views. It was not we Marxists who had the identity crisis. They did. And the fact that they were moving in the direction of our philosophy was one more piece of evidence of the soundness of our philosophy. . . . There was no reciprocal process of conversion. Sandinista atheists were not becoming believers.

The Christians' association with the *Frente* aided its efforts to present a palatable front to the Nicaraguan people. When the new militants completed their conversions, the FSLN ordered them to maintain their ties with Christian groups and church organizations, a strategy that also served the party's interests after the revolution, when Nicaraguans publicly identified as Christians became government

Joan Frawley reports on Latin America for the National Catholic Register.

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ministers and directors of FSLN organizations.

The revolutionary Christians continued in their subservience to the *Frente* when it took control of the country and began to expropriate religious terms and symbols for the service of the party, with the purpose of secularizing Catholic faith. "Preference for and solidarity with the poor in Nicaragua today means to work under the guidance of the Sandinista Front," said pro-government Christians in a 1980 statement.

The tactical uses of the priests in government surfaced within months of the July 1979 triumph. In November, the Ministry of Culture in collaboration with the Department of Propaganda and Political Education produced a Christmas poster celebrating the birth of the "new man," the product of a new socialist society. When Belli later inquired whether the Nicaraguan bishops had been consulted about the poster, he was told that Father Edgar Parrales, the vice minister of social welfare, had agreed to the printing. The decision to ignore the hierarchy was significant. "They are just trying to divert more water to their mills," one observer told Belli.

The devaluation of doctrinal faith permitted other government officials to play with the ideological power of religion. "What is it to be a Christian? I am not an expert in theology," Tomas Borge, minister of the interior, humbly told a conference of Central and South American religious organizations in 1982. "But if to be a Christian is to be good, if to be a Christian is to be honest, if to be a Christian is to profoundly respect others, if to be a Christian is to fill the soul and the heart with love toward others, I am a Christian." The minister refined his role as a secularized Good Samaritan to a high art. His "spontaneous" decision to release dozens of prison inmates before an awe-struck foreign delegation became a regular highlight of revolutionary tours. Nevertheless, his goodness, honesty, and love did not appear to inhibit his performance as state security chief, directing officially sanctioned intimidation, torture, and executions.

The government's manipulation of religion did not go unnoticed by the Nicaraguan hierarchy, particularly Managua's Archbishop Miguel Obando y Bravo. The prelate had stubbornly resisted Somoza's efforts to coopt him, and he did not hesitate to confront the new rulers. Disturbed by the ideological content of the literacy campaign materials, the FSLN's efforts to squeeze out democrats in the government, and attacks on Miskito Indians, Obando wanted the priests in government to resign rather than extend legitimacy to Sandinista repression. "In a wide sense, politics is the search for the common good," Obando told me. "But in the strict sense, politics is the conquest of power, which implies working for partisan political power. This is why I believe bishops and priests should not participate. From the very moment that they work for a partisan group, they are promoting division in the community of the faithful."

Obando's emergence as a potent voice of dissent suggested to the government another tactical use for the revolutionary Christians. The increasing human rights abuses did not strain their faith in the revolution, and unlike the government, they could denounce Obando without provoking a public outcry. Theologians operating out of pro-government church centers and priests like Father Molina—described in party dailies as the "archbishop of the poor"—performed their assignment with fervor. To discredit Obando as a religious leader and, by extension, as a political force, they described him as a rigid traditionalist, tied to the old Somoza system and unwilling to compete with a popular revolution that threatened his authority and power.

These attacks followed from a key principle of liberation theology: The church could not remain "neutral" in the face of class struggle. Accordingly, the bishops were portrayed as aligning themselves with the elite while the pro-government or "popular church" represented the interests of the poor. "They [the bishops and other independent Catholics] do not want nor do they believe in the Gospel, for the same reason that they do not want the revolution; they prefer their goods, privileges, and class advantages, which they defend and sanctify," said Father Teofilo Cabestrero, a Spanish theologian at one church center.

The government gave the denouncements wide exposure in the state-controlled media and nurtured the growth of church centers advocating liberation theology. Meanwhile, the hierarchy encountered problems with publicizing its own views of the revolution and evangelizing its flock. Catholic Radio was censored. (It has now been shut down.) The government canceled Obando's televised Sunday mass, and made it difficult for him to obtain outside funds to support his projects.

Despite the government's heavy-handed support, the popular church attracted only a minority of Nicaraguans. Borge and pale-faced European radicals frequented Father Molina's raucous Sunday evening "*campesino* mass." But most worshipers wanted a respite from Molina's revolutionary exhortations. Yet the inter-church rivalry confused many Catholics, especially when they heard two dramatically different evaluations of the government's performance. The church was the conscience of the country and it had apparently succumbed to schizophrenia. Should the politically unsophisticated interpret the Sandinistas as saviors or tyrants?

The 1983 confrontation between Pope John Paul II and the Sandinista *comandantes*, during the papal mass in Managua, resolved the dilemma for most Nicaraguans. I remember the embarrassment and shock of Catholics there when Ernesto Cardenal joined the nine *comandantes* on the stage and shouted revolutionary slogans after the Pope left in disgust. At that point, the credibility of the *Frente*'s religious supporters began to vanish. Theologians who continued to justify official repression exposed the central conceit of making Christian faith "real" through alignment with a Marxist revolution. They had said they would Christianize Marxism; they had said they could use Marxist analysis without succumbing to its internal logic; they were wrong.

Still the myth continues, arising out of frustration with regional corruption and inefficiency, or perhaps out of some suicidal impulse within the church, a reflection of the loss of faith. Throughout Central, South, and North America, prominent church leaders and thinkers continue to serve as apologists for a government that ultimately wants to put them out of business, or retain them only as high priests for party rituals. Leonardo Boff, the Franciscan friar called to the Vatican to defend his theological positions, recently described Obando as a "scandal" to the church. This year, some of the Brazilian bishops publicly

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supported the fast of Father Miguel D'Escoto, the Nicaraguan foreign minister, who was protesting U.S. aid to the contras. Their endorsements prompted the Nicaraguan bishops to ask the Brazilian hierarchy to "avoid interference which can bring most serious consequences against the already suffering church in Nicaragua."

Nevertheless, church problems in Nicaragua have led some Catholic leaders to reevaluate liberation theology. "There was a time when groups felt it was possible to use Marxist analysis without falling into Marxist ideology," San Salvador's Auxiliary Bishop Gregorio Rosa Chavez told me. "We see now that this is impossible." In many respects, pre-1981 church-state and inter-church conflicts in El Salvador bear similarities to the problems in Nicaragua. Salvadoran clergy and laymen who did pastoral work with the poor were brutally persecuted. The assassinated Salvadoran bishop Oscar Romero argued that officially sanctioned repression justified armed insurrection. Today, a small popular church still exists in El Salvador; most of its adherents support the FMLN.

Yet the Salvadoran hierarchy's willingness to assess fairly the gains made in their country since 1980 shows the importance of a transcendent, nonpartisan church. While the FMLN's church supporters evince the blind faith that motivates Nicaraguan true believers, the Salvadoran bishops understand that local politics are not static. Acknowledging Duarte's progress toward democracy, they have even backed limited U.S. military aid, conditional on human rights improvements. Meanwhile, they still criticize the justice system and compile reports on abuses—even those committed against their critics. A "neutral" church, in this sense, is good for human rights and for Christian solidarity. In contrast, I often think of one American missionary in Managua known to pass lists of suspected counterrevolutionaries to stat- -ecurity. It's a strange vocation for a nun, but I'm sure her intentions are good. □

RIGHT REASON
William F. Buckley, Jr., edited by Richard Brookhiser/Doubleday/$19.95

Joseph Sobran

Reviewing a new collection of William Buckley's columns is a little like reviewing a new novel by P. G. Wodehouse, or a new mystery by Agatha Christie. We may presume total mastery of the genre; the only question in the present case is whether the master is up to snuff.

Even some of Buckley's fans have been heard to grumble of late that he tends to dash off his columns carelessly nowadays, after producing them at the rate of three a week for twenty-five years. Sometimes his weariness shows.

That is true. But more often what shows is his remarkable energy, his readiness to be provoked and to provoke back. *Right Reason*, edited by Richard Brookhiser, culls his best columns and articles over the past seven years, a few dozen of the thousand or so he has written since his last collection, *A Hymnal*. It displays the nonpareil.

Why is it that Buckley has never won a Pulitzer? I suppose because he is so unsettling, unassimilable. And inimitable. The very act of imitating a real original shows you to be alien to the model you admire. The only way to imitate a Buckley is to be equally brilliant in a totally different vein.

The late Joseph Kraft used to be hailed as the successor to Walter Lippmann. This intended compliment proclaims Kraft's limitation: he was merely an able practitioner of a familiar craft. He seldom surprised: he was natural Pulitzer material. Buckley, for all his trademarks of conviction and manner, would surprise if he didn't surprise.

While he was still a student he was called "the most dangerous undergraduate Yale has seen in years." Whoever said that had a point: it was an accurate prophecy that Buckley would go on to make a difference in this world. And having done so (Ronald Reagan and Margaret Thatcher are among those he has inspired), he still, at age 60, hasn't used himself up.

If he hadn't already accomplished all he set out to do, it would be easier to appreciate him properly. We take his influence for granted. He is one of the reasons why we are where we are. He has long since made good on the threat perceived by the nameless liberal at Yale in the late forties.

So why is he still interesting? Because each of his columns is an intimation of an abundant and resourceful personality. The reader still wants to know, of the day's salient event, How will Buckley react to this?

Yuri Andropov dies. The next Buckley column begins: "On the whole, I favor frequent rather than infrequent changes of tenure by Soviet leaders." A fine, dry lead, tangy with mocking allusion to his own notorious anti-Communism. A little touch, but full of awareness of the perils of self-repetition, an awareness that becomes an effortless shared joke with the reader. How can you not read on?

A piece on Jesse Jackson begins: "Integral—but absolutely integral—to the success of the Reverend Jesse Jackson is his idiom. Without it his heroic up-from-slavery posture simply evaporates." A few paragraphs later: "Ratiocination is subversive in revival meetings." A nice aphorism, but the piece is no mere put-down of Jackson's flamboyance and "exuberant tribalism." Nor is Buckley just trying to be "nice" about a man who sets most conservatives' teeth on edge: He is analytically satisfying his own curiosity about the real power of Jackson's appeal. He finds that power in Jackson's ability to "persuade the black community that just as he, Jackson, is primarily a black man, they are primarily black men and women, and that therefore their ethnic bond is the chain that binds them together above all other kinships, attenuated, that they share with their neighbors." He illuminates the point by contrast with "Martin Luther King's dream, which was that white and black Americans would in due course mix as though differences in the color of their skins were irrelevant."

Now this is meditation, not polemics. It is the reaction of a whole personality to a large phenomenon, not that of the advocate in search of victory. And it trusts the reader to share his wide-angled interest. Buckley is often said to have "mellowed" (sometimes to the disappointment of old fans who yearn for red meat), and it's true enough. But he's the same man. The difference is that the presence of mind that used to appear in slashing debate now furnishes him with a deeper observation: the contrast between King and Jackson.

But we need fear no diminution in his power of sarcasm. The Iranian hostage crisis yields the tart reminder that "Mr. Carter is the President of the United States, not the chairman of a Committee to Free the Hostages." He reflects that "the Soviet Union must feel an enormous contempt for Americans who are playing horse to its Lady Godiva." Case in point: "James Reston struggles valiantly in his column and says perhaps they shot down the Korean airliner because they were invaded by Napoleon." Johnny Carson marvels at Buckley's vocabulary. He might marvel at Buckley's one-liners.

Oh yes: that vocabulary. It's a big one, all right, but what makes it the instrument it is is not the long words but the unfailing color. A Buckley column is as likely to say "wow" as "manumission." I doubt that either word ever appeared in a Kraft column. Buckley has

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changed political commentary by expanding its frame of reference, the available range of experience in which he finds political relevance. Rare words, jokes, abrupt colloquialisms, anecdotes, analogies, all serve him in bringing his points home. I once heard him tell a story he heard from Gene Kelly about being aboard a plane that went into a terrifying nosedive: The story turns up in a column about KAL 007.

Critics to the contrary, Buckley is the opposite of an ideologue. He insists on testing political claims against the universe he inhabits, and the constant efflorescence of his mind shows that this is a large, unpredictable, and often delightful universe. Unlike the universe of socialism, this one has souls and sin in it. The liberal who sees in Buckley only a snob may doubt that a rich man can enter the kingdom of heaven; but Buckley is the real egalitarian, in that he hasn't forgotten, as the liberal has, that even a poor man can go to hell. It's that kind of universe. Everything in it matters and finally coheres, and it's up to us to make such connections as we can. Buckley makes them better than most. □

THE FEDERAL COURTS: CRISIS AND REFORM
Richard A. Posner/Harvard University Press/$25.00

William Bradford Reynolds

In *The Federal Courts: Crisis and Reform*, Judge Richard Posner of the U.S. Court of Appeals for the 7th Circuit embarks on a much-needed and wide-ranging discussion of the American federal court system, moving over vast fields of contemporary law from the caseload crisis in the courts to strict constructionism and legal education. The ambit of Posner's expertise is not surprising; a prolific opinion-writer, he is widely regarded as one of the most industrious minds on the federal bench.

Posner is perhaps best known for his sociological-utilitarian approach to the law—an approach that is rigorously empirical (some would say reductionistic) and deeply influenced by economic thinking (Posner is a close colleague of economist and Nobel laureate George Stigler at the University of Chicago), and for which he has been criticized both by conservatives, such as Judge Robert Bork, and by contemporary liberals, who can be expected to dislike anything that is, so to speak, metaphysically appreciative of the free market. In any case, that theory is not as central to this book as it is to many of Posner's other writings, so I will leave judgment to others.

Posner begins by noting that the Founders intended to create a judiciary of unprecedented, but not free-wheeling, power in contrast to the more restricted English judiciary. They did so because they feared less the power of the executive branch than the legislative branch with its potentially tyrannous majoritarianism. They never anticipated that the federal judiciary, the "least dangerous branch," would in time become dangerously usurpative.

Posner condemns judicial activism ("We must clothe the naked beast") but acknowledges that, to a partial but inevitable degree in our political system, judging is inherently political. This, he writes, is because "the Constitution has given the federal courts broad authority with (in many places) imprecise direction, and the authority granted is thus inherently political." In our tripartite and bicameral legislative system, in which the parties have moreover become increasingly weak and decentralized, laws emerging from Congress tend to be "radically incomplete." Further political involvement by the courts is caused by "the interactions between . . . federal law and the law of fifty quasi-sovereign states [which] have made many fields of American law immensely complex, with a multitude of ill-fitting seams that require continuous, and highly creative, judicial patchwork to avoid chaos."

Posner of course understands that the political decision-making that American courts assume does not mean they should be given *carte blanche*. He reminds us that the Framers plainly intended the legislative power and the judicial power to be separate, as declared respectively by Articles I and III of the Constitution. Judicial power is necessarily limited, he says, for "not only must the judge wait for a case to come up to him before he can lay down a rule, but with cases coming up to him in random order he will find it difficult to establish an agenda for political action. . . . His role is inherently one of reacting rather than initiating."

This suggests, I think, that the crucial "litmus test" for judges involves not politics but philosophy—whether a judge believes his role is fundamentally (though not exclusively) one of law-interpretation, or whether he prefers taking into his own hands the primary legislative task of creating law. In certain cases, the American judge is left to decide political questions, but the basis on which he does so—that is, whether his judicial philosophy permits the usurpation of legislative prerogatives—is decisive in separating the judicial wheat from the activist chaff. Almost forty years ago, Justice Felix Frankfurter made a similar point:

> The vital difference between initiating policy, often involving a decided break with the past, and merely carrying out a formulated policy, indicates the relatively narrow limits within which choice is fairly open to courts and the extent to which interpreting law is inescapably making law. To say that, because of this restricted field of interpretive declaration, courts make law just as do legislatures is to deny essential features in the history of our democracy. It denies that legislation and adjudication have had different purposes, function under different conditions, and bear different responsibilities.

Posner does not restrict his inquiry to substantive issues. Examining the "explosion" of court cases since 1960, when the present administrative tribulation of the courts began, he notes that whereas the number of cases filed in district courts in the previous quarter century had increased by only 30 percent, from 1960 to 1983 such cases increased by 250 percent! Caseload is not necessarily workload, however, so it is instructive that a comparison of another benchmark—the number of trials completed between 1960 and 1983—shows a still enormous increase of 110 percent. In the courts of appeals, similarly, the number of signed opinions between 1960 and 1983 increased by 183 percent. In the Supreme Court, the number of applications to review appeals courts decisions rose from 870 to 2,841 over the same period.

Posner admits that the causes of the caseload growth are unclear, but he does hazard a few reasonable guesses. Chief among these is the altogether plausible explanation that the Supreme Court since the early sixties "enormously enlarged the number of rights upon which a federal court suit could be founded," mostly as a result of broad interpretations of the Bill of Rights, the Due Process and Equal Protection clauses of the Fourteenth Amendment, and other acts.

But the caseload crisis, in Posner's view, is just a piece of the problem. As he points out: "The biggest challenge that the federal courts . . . confront and will always confront is how to interpret statutes and the Constitution." Having earlier criticized the predominantly liberal tendency to equate the interpretation of laws with their creation, Posner departs from the traditional conservative view as well by criticizing strict constructionism, which he defines as "sticking close to dictionary meanings" even where changed circumstances over time render the literal words of a statute incoherent. This definition, I believe, is too narrow; the words of a statute may frame underlying principles which allow the original intent to be deciphered even in changed circumstances. Few statutes are ambiguous to the point of sheer legal relativism. That is what strict constructionism properly means.

In eschewing the traditional canons of construction—such as the rule that one should start with the language of a statute, or that construction is unnecessary if the statute's language is plain—Posner favors "an imaginative reconstruction" of legislators' motives rather than legislative intent embodied in the language of the statute and its legislative history. He believes that the "formalist" canons of construction are outdated, arguing, for example, that judges rarely look to the words of a statute; instead, they look to the body of case law that has grown up around a statute. Strict constructionism, he says, wrongly assumes legislative intent where legislative compromises and vote-trading have occurred, effectively obscuring any clear and straightforward intent.

But judges who look to case law without due regard for the original statute's language and legislative history are simply misguided in doing so. (This does not mean, of course, that whole bodies of case law should necessarily be ignored or overturned.) Nor do I see how—to use Posner's words—"sharp legislative practices" (such as vote-trading) undermine legislative intent; to argue so, I believe, is to confuse ends and means. Vote-trading is a means to an end; the end, *however reached*, and whatever the legislators' motives, is the legislation to which a public representative is willing to stake his name, job, and reputation—the legislative intent. Such legislation, whether of the public interest or special interest variety—a distinction Posner stresses—is not only declared as official but is, on its face, official as declared.

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I am less confident than Posner that a judge, no matter how learned or wise, can ever engage in an objective task of "imaginative reconstruction," as he understands it. Suppose, as is probable, that some judges or their staffs are derelict in their research duties or deficient (or perhaps excessive) in imaginative intelligence. Suppose two equally capable judges come to diametrically opposing conclusions on the basis of their imaginative reconstruction. Who will arbitrate between these different judges and their claims? Posner does not give enough credit to the philosophical presuppositions and values which subtly shape the way in which one approaches historical evidence; indeed, such presuppositions often determine the very criteria used to decide what counts as evidence, and what weight to assign it. It is far preferable to have judges engage in old-fashioned analysis—including historical and textual analysis—than to embark on careers of imaginative reconstruction which promise to end up in the constitutional boondocks of wishful judicial thinking.

Such differences aside, there is much more to this book—for example, an excellent chapter on legal education that ought to be heeded in the all-too-arid environment of today's law schools. And whether one agrees or disagrees with so original a thinker, Judge Posner and his ideas ought to provoke general reflection about the law. □

THE VICTIM'S SONG
Alice R. Kaminsky/Prometheus Books/$19.95

William Tucker

Halfway through this wonderful book, Alice Kaminsky quotes Solon: "We will not have real justice until each person is as offended by a crime as the victim himself." Some 2500 years later, Kaminsky notes, Norman Mailer wrote about murder: "It means that two people are engaging in a dialogue with eternity. . . . What has happened is that the killer is becoming a little more possible, a little more ready to love someone."

Henry Adams once remarked that the history of American Presidents from George Washington to U. S. Grant disproved Darwin's theory of evolution. The history of men of letters from Solon to Norman Mailer probably says the same thing.

Alice Kaminsky is a professor of English in upstate New York. On September 13, 1980, her talented only son, Eric, age 22, was robbed and then stabbed to death by two Dominican teenagers on a subway platform in New York City. The two teenagers apparently became worried that he could identify them. They tried to throw him onto the subway tracks. Eric resisted—trying to protect his pianist's hands in the process. During the struggle one mugger knifed him in the back—making sure to turn the knife so it would do the most damage. This book is about the life of Alice Kaminsky's son, her grief, and her experiences with the American justice system.

Once a book such as this wasn't necessary. Anne Morrow Lindbergh, writing about the kidnapping and murder of her son, for example, spoke with a kind of sleepwalking horror that we would expect from the families of murder victims. But Lindbergh was living in a time when the justice system was willing to express the victim's anger. As Solon had hoped, we lived in a time when society's delegates—the judiciary—were willing to play out their admittedly histrionic role of righteous indignation.

Such things are no more. About twenty-five years ago the hired actors got tired of doing the show. Who are these nameless, faceless victims we are being asked to cry over? they asked. Are they really that important? And what about these flesh-and-blood people who stand before us, the criminal defendants? Aren't they individuals as well? Don't they deserve some respect, perhaps even a little sympathy and compassion? After all, as Supreme Court Justice Tom Clark once put it, was there ever a boy anywhere who would rather steal a wallet than steal second base?

Thus, it has only been twenty-five years from the beginnings of the compassion crusade to the comment made in the Kaminsky case by Judge Benjamin Altman, who, when he became exasperated with complaints from the district attorney about trial delays, finally blurted out: "This is only a murder, Mr. Greenbaum. Only a murder, and we are talking about an 18-year-old [defendant]."

Alice Kaminsky does not have the leisure simply to mourn her son. Like people everywhere, she has grown up with the sense that some benevolent authority knows right from wrong and has the power and will to tear through the lies of the wicked and wreak punishment on the guilty. But such a thing no longer exists for us. Like other Americans, she has been forced to reinvent the justice system for herself—raising a banshee wail loud enough to wake the whole society. The facts are all here.

Through shameless misreadings of the Constitution, plus a denuding of the once sacred rights of the jury, Americans now find themselves under the domination of a smug legal fraternity that sees criminal justice as—in the exasperated words of Chief Justice Warren Burger—"nothing more than a sporting contest." Defense lawyers operate under the self-proclaimed obligation to use every cheap trick in the book to get their clients off the hook. Endless trial delays are one of the favorites. "Any delay usually works for the benefit of the defendants," Kaminsky quotes one defense attorney as saying. "Where there is a tough fact pattern [a nice term, no?], the more time that lapses, the more witnesses will contradict themselves."

Thus, the average felony conviction in New York City now involves seventeen court appearances by witnesses and victims, all at no cost to the defendant. For the Kaminskys this meant making the long drive from Binghamton countless times. One of the muggers—the one who had not wielded the knife—plea-bargained a short sentence in return for his testimony against the

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William Tucker is The American Spectator*'s New York Correspondent and most recently author of* Vigilante: The Backlash Against Crime in America (*Stein and Day*).

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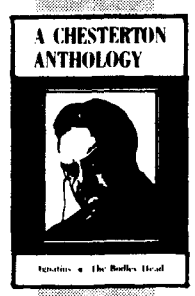

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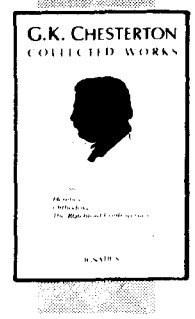

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other defendant. The knife-wielding murderer then began a long effort to establish a psychiatric defense. The trial was postponed for several months simply because he "had trouble" setting up psychiatric appointments.

"There is evidently nothing in the law that takes into consideration the special kind of victimization that parents suffer as a result of such a delay," writes Kaminsky. "But since an appeals court might overturn the decision on the grounds that [the murderer] was not allowed to see a psychiatrist, the prosecutor has to allow him more time."

Attorneys, of course, insist that they are only defending the Constitution. But there is something else going on. Kaminsky quotes James Simon Kunen, a former student radical and now a criminal defense attorney, who confesses in a moment of candor in his book, *How Can You Defend Those People?*:

> It occurs to me that maybe I *like* putting criminals on the street; that far from being an unfortunate side effect of the noble enterprise of defending the rights of the individual, maybe putting criminals on the street is the main point; that possibly I am motivated by the sheer joy of thwarting the will of authority. Maybe I became a defense attorney so that I could be *bad*, and still be good.

Like suburbanites who let their dogs run loose to experience a vicarious freedom, many of these defense attorneys and Maileresque intellectuals like to see criminals running loose, expressing their vicarious antisociability.

Existentialism, as I learned it, says that the world is basically meaningless—or "random," in the physicist's term. At its base, the universe will not support the kind of meanings we would like to impose upon it. What we call "justice" is essentially only our own invention.

That's fair enough. But in their sophomoric way, the Mailerites have celebrated this discovery by shouting giddily that everything is permitted. "I am willing to sacrifice the whole world in order to prevent the scratching of my little finger," said Hume in a deliberate attempt to formulate an absurd proposition. In spearheading the effort to free Jack Abbott, a convicted murderer, Mailer announced he was willing to "gamble with a portion of society to save this man's talent." (Notice these people always gamble with other people's security, not their own.)

But what is ignored is the other side of the equation. If human justice is our own invention, then we must work twice as hard to establish it as when God or the "natural law" was doing it for us. We need an enlightened, dedicated leadership that can shred the nonsense of amorality and hold the nation to a reasonable standard of human justice.

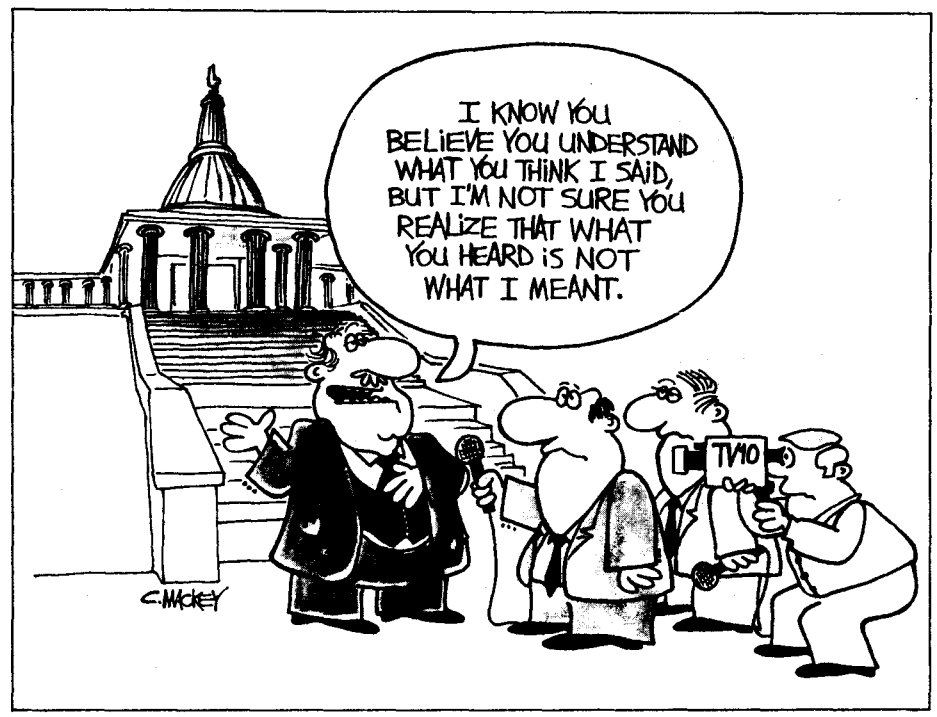
It would seem like a noble undertaking for any enlightened man or woman training in the law. But no one seems very interested. Most educated people seem to prefer the game of seeing how far we can pull things apart before we return to primeval chaos.

Unfortunately, not all of Kaminsky's book is entirely admirable. She is unfair, sometimes almost shameless, in her attempt to blame everyone and everything for her son's death. Fifteen years ago, for example, a department head at the upstate college where her husband works refused her a job because he didn't want to hire faculty wives. Kaminsky has not forgiven him. If she had gotten the job, she speculates, is it not possible that some chain of events might have kept Eric away from the subway platform that night? Kaminsky admits such reasoning is far-fetched, but she doesn't spare us the man's name nor the vague suggestion that he may share some responsibility.

"I do not believe in the Christian doctrine of forgiveness," Kaminsky

Word Games

Over 25 years ago, George Orwell wrote a terrifying little book called 1984. In it, he imagined a society in which a socialist state controlled the economy, TV and newspapers, religion, sports—everything.


I KNOW YOU BELIEVE YOU UNDERSTAND WHAT YOU THINK I SAID, BUT I'M NOT SURE YOU REALIZE THAT WHAT YOU HEARD IS NOT WHAT I MEANT.
TV10
C.MACKEY

The state denied individual freedom through the most severe means. Daily life was monitored through TV cameras. Any rebellious word, deed or even facial expression was punishable by torture and death, enforced by the ever-present "Thought Police."

In order to control speech and thought, government developed a new language wrapping misleading pleasant words around very ugly things. Thus, "forced labor camp" became "joy camp." The government slogans "War is Peace," "Freedom is Slavery," and "Ignorance is Strength" were examples of the new language, which Orwell called Newspeak.

1984, of course, is fiction. Or is it?

Half the world now lives under Communist governments which resemble Orwell's state. In Vietnam and the Soviet Union, prisoners are sent to die in "rehabilitation" and "relocation" centers. Soldiers conquer villagers in "wars of liberation." And citizens are herded to polls to vote in "elections" in which there are no choices.

Even in our country, Newspeak seems to be taking hold. Tax increases are called "revenue enhancements," and advocates of increased government control are called "progressive" or "liberal." Meanwhile, departments in Washington maintain an average of 15 files on every American.

It is not words which threaten our freedom, but the political power behind the misleading words. We must guard against the abuse of both.

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proclaims. Nothing, she says, will ever make up for the loss of her son. She is particularly scornful of the Pope's forgiveness of Ali Agca. "If I had said to my son's murderers what Pope John Paul II said to Agca . . . then this book could be placed on the shelf with all the 'self-help' works that offer instant solutions to all problems," she writes.

All this seems to me misguided. The Pope was not petitioning to have Agca let out of jail. He was only forgiving his attacker in the sense that we forgive the universe for not making us immortal. This is light-years away from the "what's-the-use" attitude that masquerades as "forgiveness" in today's American justice system.

I, of course, do not share Kaminsky's pain. That is the whole point of her book. But I could not read it without thinking of a distinction made by John Gunther's dying son in *Death Be Not Proud.* He said he was "discontent with the world but content with the universe."

Kaminsky has not quite forgiven the universe. Only in the last few pages does she soften her tone. It is well she does. Thousands of people who never knew Eric Kaminsky are going to be moved by his story. *The Victim's Song* will stand as a monument to his frail, brief, tragic life. □

FDR: A BIOGRAPHY
Ted Morgan/Simon and Schuster/$22.95

Karl O'Lessker

History's juries are always out. Reputations, even of major figures of centuries ago, totter and fall or swell and soar as new generations of historians unearth new material or, more commonly, reinterpret what had always been at hand. All the more so with personages of our own time: not so much because of lack of crucial information (though this was the case with President Eisenhower until very recently) but because of the sheer volume of it, allowing biographers to pick and choose according to their own predilections.

And not only the volume of it. Even the most conscientious biographer has to cope with the fact that the memoirs, diaries, and oral histories by his subject's contemporaries are the products of different people, each with his own intellectual and psychological baggage. So, for example, Henry Morgenthau recorded in his diaries a very different Franklin D. Roosevelt from the man portrayed by Frances Perkins, say, or Henry L. Stimson. And these three were only members of his "official family." How different he appeared to the members of his real family, at least three of whom have written extensively about him.

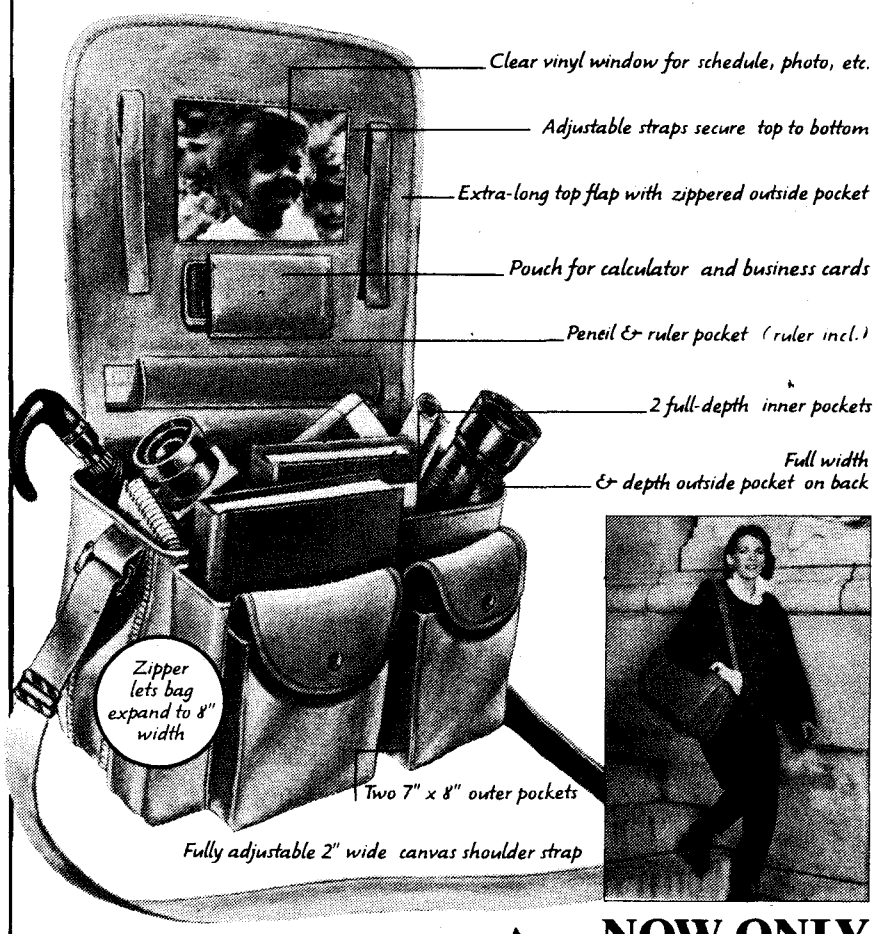
All this is obvious enough. But as an inveterate reader of biographies, I sometimes find it useful to remind myself of such Pirandellian truths: especially so when the biographer has, as Ted Morgan does, a novelist's gift for bringing his subject to life. This is a glorious portrait of a man called Franklin Delano Roosevelt. But is it an accurate likeness? In the presence of a writer as gifted as Mr. Morgan we need to remain skeptical: not because we distrust *this* biographer but because *all* biographers are necessarily part fabulists; and the greater their literary powers, the more we must be on our guard.

One example: If anything is known with certainty about Roosevelt's family life it is that his mother, Sara, was suffocatingly protective of her only child—almost in a class with Douglas MacArthur's mother. By Mr. Morgan's reckoning, this accounts for much if not all of FDR's legendary deviousness: "He learned that there was a part of himself he could not reveal to his mother, and acquired an opaque core, a sort of inner armor. It was a matter of survival. He never rebelled openly but learned to be devious, to get around her. . . . Who could tell what FDR [as President] was really thinking? His flexible mind did cartwheels. He had learned as a child to mask his true intentions." This seems most insightful and I know of no evidence to suggest a different explanation. But in epistemological terms, it is far closer to a novelist's "explanation" of a character's behavior than to the kind of causation that allows us to say with confidence that a President's policy views produced a certain line of action.

The effort to construct a persuasive account of the shaping of Franklin Roosevelt's character rests on two great explanatory pillars in every biography. One is the influence of his mother. The other is the attack of polio that crippled him at age 39. Here again Mr. Morgan accepts the conventional view and builds a compelling psychological case for it. From the onset of the disease in 1921 until his return to full-time political life seven years later, Morgan writes, "He was locked in struggle with a powerful enemy, and although his legs remained withered, his spirit triumphed. It was this spiritual battle, this passage from despair to hope, this refusal to accept defeat, this ability to learn from adversity, that transformed him from a shallow, untested, selfishly ambitious and sometimes unscrupulous young

Karl O'Lessker is senior editor of this journal and professor of public and environmental affairs at Indiana University. He is also a senior research fellow at the Hudson Institute.

Scandia: The Shoulder Bag That Has It All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man into the mature figure we know as FDR."

There is much more in this vein and almost all of it makes good sense. Yet I wonder whether there isn't some of the *post hoc ergo prompter hoc* fallacy in it. Roosevelt's political career would very likely have followed the same path even if he hadn't been stricken by polio—campaigns for the governorship of New York in 1928 and 1930 and for the presidency in 1932. Can we be sure that the normal maturing process, intensified by these hard campaigns and the even harder tasks of governance, would not have produced an FDR essentially similar to the one we knew? I don't mean to suggest that polio had no effect on Roosevelt's character. But I do question the facile assumption, which Mr. Morgan shares with practically all other Roosevelt biographers and friends, that he would have been a very different sort of President—if President at all—had he not been struck down by polio. It was not an empty vessel into which the virus intruded itself. Roosevelt responded as courageously as he did because of what was already present in his character.

For the benefit of readers to whom the nation's 32nd President is only a remote historical figure, here are the barebones facts of Roosevelt's life: Scion of a wealthy and aristocratic Hudson River family, distant cousin of President Theodore Roosevelt, he was born in Hyde Park in 1882, attended Groton, Harvard College, and Harvard Law School, married his cousin Eleanor in 1905, was elected to the State Senate in 1910, reelected in 1912, and the following year chosen by President Woodrow Wilson as assistant secretary of the Navy, a post he held until 1920 when he was nominated as James M. Cox's vice presidential running mate on the Democratic ticket.

A year after that electoral debacle came the attack of polio which left him crippled for the rest of his life. But in 1928 he was nominated by acclamation for the New York governorship and was narrowly elected in the face of a Hoover presidential landslide in the state. Re-elected two years later, he was the closest thing the Democrats had to a national leader. He formally became that in 1932 and went on to be elected President for four successive terms, leading the nation through the Great Depression and World War II and serving longer than any President in our history. On April 12, 1945, less than three months after his fourth inauguration and less than a month before the Allied victory in Europe, he died of a massive cerebral hemorrhage at his vacation home in Warm Springs, Georgia.

All this is well told in Ted Morgan's biography. In addition to his novelist's feel for character, the author manages through more than 800 pages to keep the narrative moving, almost never getting bogged down in irrelevant detail. As he demonstrated in his outstanding biography of Somerset Maugham a few years ago (I have not read his book on the young Winston Churchill), he is able to admire his subject's virtues without worshiping him and disdain his faults without loathing him. More valuable still is his ability to remain analytical while fully engaged with his subject.

These assets are indispensable for any Roosevelt biographer. The personal complexities of great political leaders result in public policies that shape history, and the biographer's attempt to portray the twists and turns of personality can hardly escape being colored by his response to those policies. And in Roosevelt's case we are dealing with a man who, more than any other since Lincoln, exerted a decisive influence on the shaping of the American nation and therefore the world. It is this political judgment that places so heavy a burden on Roosevelt scholars: If we distrust their political judgment we find it almost impossible to trust their assessment of character.

Thus, while I am tempted to call this the best one-volume biography of FDR we are likely to have, Mr. Morgan is nevertheless a grossly unreliable interpreter of domestic policy events of the 1920s and 1930s. His grasp of economics is particularly weak; most of it comes straight out of that well-known morality play, Arthur Schlesinger's *The Crisis of the Old Order.* So, for example, we are treated to a caricature of the policy and motives of Secretary of the Treasury Andrew Mellon that would not be out of place in *Pravda.* ("Mellon believed that laws were meant to be obeyed by the weak and not by the strong.") President Coolidge, too, gets the Schlesinger treatment. "Calvin Coolidge, the hatchet-faced Vermonter who derived his philosophy from *McGuffey's Reader* . . ."—this about one of the most literate Presidents of the century, a man who read ancient Greek and Latin for pleasure.

Similarly, there is the matter of Mr. Morgan's puerile understanding of constitutional law and his contempt for those who opposed the economic and social policies of the New Deal. Selfishness, in his view, is merely the least sinister motive for the resistance movement that found its home in the pre-1937 Supreme Court. Unwilling or unable to give a fair hearing to the opposition, he relies for his "analysis" on a combination of ad hominem remarks and liberal journalism of the day, as in this description of the court's 1936 invalidation of the Agricultural Adjustment Act:

> Justice Owen Roberts, once a corporation lawyer with the Philadelphia affiliate of J.P. Morgan as one of his clients, gave the majority decision: The processing tax was not properly a tax but the expropriation of money from one group for the benefit of another as part of a plan to control agricultural production. It was a scheme for imposing federal regulations in a matter reserved to the states. Listening to his rambling arguments, reporter Tom Stokes wondered in amazement how he could wander so many times around the barn, like a stray horse with a bad eye on the wrong side, before he could find the door.

One doesn't have to agree with the court's decision to insist that a serious biographer has an obligation either to set forth the facts of the case without editorial comment or to attempt to come to grips with the profound constitutional issues that lay at its heart. Mr. Morgan's breezy self-confidence just won't do in a serious historical work.

Most of the enormous controversy the Roosevelt presidency generated in its own time has faded into history. No doubt there remain among us some old conservatives who still curse the day FDR was born and celebrate his death each April 12 as a deliverance, but even President Reagan has nothing but praise for the man who fastened a centralized welfare state on America. Just as, in a smaller way, the first Republican President since the New Deal—Dwight Eisenhower—conferred irrevocable legitimacy upon the Social Security system by not only accepting but expanding it, so Mr. Reagan's frequent references to Roosevelt as a national hero have confirmed his ascent into our American pantheon.

This is true at least for domestic affairs, but FDR's leadership in international affairs is another matter. Many analysts continue to believe that

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Roosevelt botched this nation's relations with the Soviet Union. Enough of the story is set forth in the final 150 pages of Morgan's biography to enable the generalist to understand the terms of the controversy and form some judgment about it.

The essence of the charge against Roosevelt is that, by siding with Stalin against Churchill on key issues concerning wartime military strategy and the postwar settlement, he effectively handed over Eastern Europe to Soviet domination. These disastrous blunders resulted, it is further alleged, from his arrogant (and wholly unwarranted) belief that he, and he alone, could handle "good old Uncle Joe." In the event, the Red Army occupied Eastern Europe and Stalin made some empty commitments at Yalta that he had no intention of keeping and no need to keep. If, instead, Roosevelt had followed Churchill's strategic lead and sent Allied armies into the Balkans rather than France, much of the East could have been salvaged.

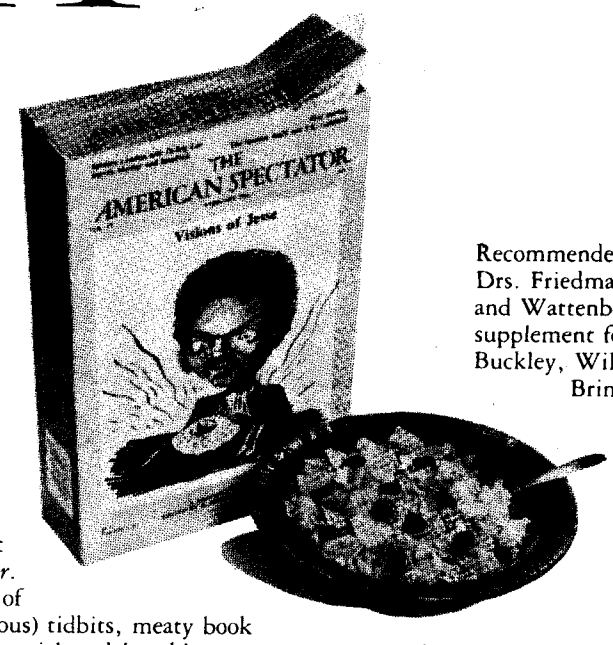
FDR's defenders regard this view as speculative at best. An invasion of the Balkans, they say, would have required fighting across the most rugged terrain in Europe—a repeat, only worse, of the slow, costly struggle up the boot of Italy. Instead of meeting the Red Army at the Oder, we would have met it at the Rhine. Yugoslavia might have been saved, but not West Germany. Moreover, the Rooseveltians argue, Churchill's diversionary schemes for invasions everywhere except across the Channel had a lot more to do with fear of a bloody replay of World War I than with grand strategy for the checking of Bolshevism in the East. And as for the notorious Yalta agreement, FDR gave away nothing to Stalin that Stalin didn't already have courtesy of the Red Army. Our side got at least what appeared to be a firm promise of free elections in Poland; far more important, from Roosevelt's perspective, was a commitment on Stalin's part to enter the war against Japan, a war that, in early 1945, looked likely to drag on with fearful loss of American lives for another two years.

Mr. Morgan's treatment of these matters is far more balanced than that of the domestic conflicts, perhaps because it rests on a broader base of sources. (Indeed, the bibliography contains almost nothing that could be said to represent a conservative critique of the New Deal.)

I should not end without saying what great fun the book offers in anecdote and gossip, and what a marvelous cast of characters! Mr. Morgan tells us all we'll ever need to know of Franklin's and Eleanor's sex lives, including the former's long affair (which may not have been consummated) with Lucy Mercer Rutherfurd and the latter's alleged lesbian affair with Nancy Cook and alleged heterosexual affair with Joseph Lash. There are splendid stories, too, of FDR's all-thumbs effort as assistant secretary of the Navy to infiltrate a homosexual ring in the Naval Training Center at Newport; of his battles with Tammany Hall and Robert Moses ("Frank Roosevelt, you're a goddamned liar and this time I can prove it!"), with the Supreme Court and the federal bureaucracy, with Vice Presidents and cabinet members, congressional leaders and embittered former allies.

It's a grand story and Mr. Morgan tells it with verve and panache. More important, his finished portrait of FDR has all the depth and texture we need to make our own judgment as to what kind of man he was, personally as well as politically. It is a tribute to Mr. Morgan that, despite his own obvious affection for his subject, many readers will come away from the book appalled by Roosevelt's arrogance, deceit, and ruthlessness. But hardly anyone, I suspect, will fail to see in him a leader as great in his virtues as in his flaws. □

Cerebral supplement.



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THE HEAVENS AND THE EARTH: A POLITICAL HISTORY OF THE SPACE AGE

Walter A. McDougall/Basic Books/$25.95

Hans Mark

Walter McDougall of the University of California has written an extremely important and useful book. It is not quite a comprehensive history, nor is it a piece of political journalism. It is a fragment of the twentieth century, recorded by a distinguished young historian who has a clear view of the events he describes. The book has some flaws, and I will discuss these shortly, but they do not destroy its value.[1]

Hans Mark is chancellor of the University of Texas system.

The Heavens and the Earth deals primarily with the period from 1945 to the execution of the Apollo program in 1970. There is some mention of subsequent events, the Shuttle, the Space Station, and developments in the military space programs, but these are compressed into a few brief pages toward the work's end. A major virtue is its description of the ideas that led to space flight, starting with the solitary Russian genius Konstantin Eduardovich Tsiolkovsky and the work of the early German and American pioneers. McDougall also faithfully describes the seminal report, "Preliminary Design of an Experimental World Circling Space Ship," published by the Rand Corporation in May 1946 and put together primarily by Francis Clauser, Louis Ridenour, and David Griggs, which provided the basic framework for the American space programs that have become familiar to all of us.

McDougall tells the Soviet side of the story in an equally detailed manner. His unique juxtaposition of American and Soviet motives, achievements, personalities, and public positions gives the book a special value. The author understands the Soviets and is under no illusions as to their motives; they have behaved cynically and deceptively throughout the Space Age, which those of us who have had to deal with them know very well. Many individual Soviets have behaved honorably, and there have been useful scientific collaborations with them. Soviet government policy, however, has been one of continuing duplicity and secrecy; it is refreshing to read a book that takes this into account.

Perhaps the most important contribution McDougall makes in recounting American space policy is to develop the interplay between the forces that pushed for military and non-military space programs. The Soviets, of course, have never made a distinction between their civil and military space operations—something many people in this country either do not realize or do not want to believe—while loudly proclaiming their peaceful intentions and accusing the United States of pursuing technical programs that would lead to warfare in space. As the author points out, this is not a new Soviet accusation, made only since President Reagan announced his Strategic Defense Initiative in March 1983. They have been saying it for thirty years.

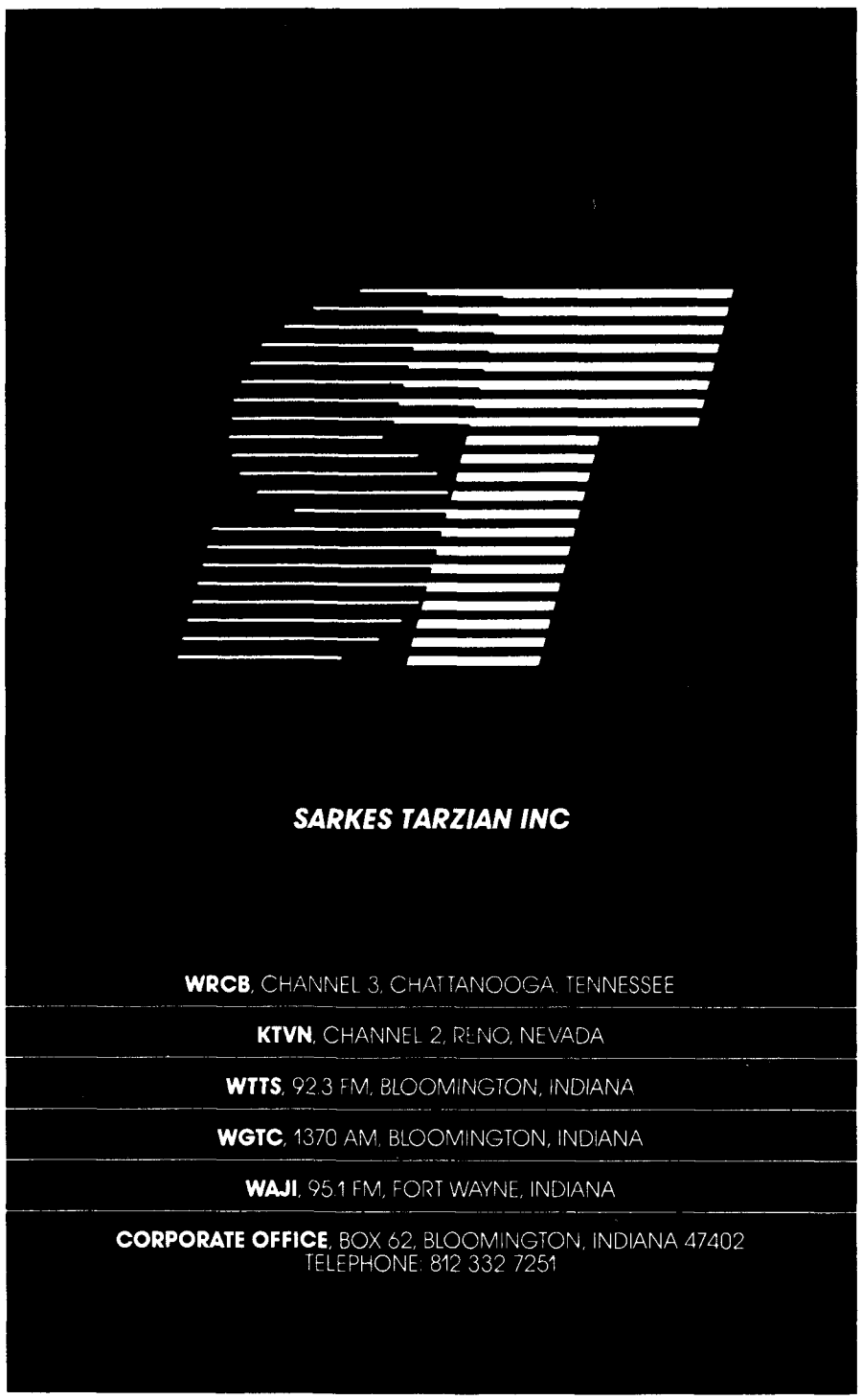
On the American side, things have been much more complicated. Starting with the Rand report of 1946, there were many people in the United States who realized the political value of launching the world's first man-made satellite. The Rand authors could not have been more explicit:

> Though the crystal ball is cloudy, two things seem clear:
>
> (1) A satellite vehicle with appropriate instrumentation can be expected to be one of the most potent scientific tools of the Twentieth Century.
>
> (2) The achievement of a satellite craft by the United States would inflame the imagination of mankind, and would probably produce repercussions in the world comparable to the explosion of the atomic bomb.

Wernher von Braun and his collaborators never doubted how the public would react to the first orbiting satellite. But the Eisenhower Administration did not share these views and therefore did not push for a program to launch an American satellite as rapidly as possible. The administration opted to tie American satellite efforts to the International Geophysical Year and to turn the management over to a scientific group aided by the U.S. Naval Research Laboratory. The result was a leisurely program ultimately judged a failure.

McDougall attributes Eisenhower's reluctance to a deep suspicion of "experts" and "technocrats," an approach consistent with the generally "minimal government" or "small government" views of the leading members of the Eisenhower Administration. There was also, according to McDougall, the fear that large government-sponsored space programs would somehow fundamentally alter our democratic institutions. But these interpretations strike me as implausible. The Eisenhower Administration was quite capable of undertaking large public works programs. For example, the Federal Highway Program, initiated in 1956, is by now the largest public works program ever executed in this country (we have spent about $250 billion in current dollars on the Interstate Highway System). One is tempted to argue that the leading figures in the Eisenhower Administration, particularly Secretary of Defense Charles Wilson and Secretary of the Treasury George Humphrey, were more familiar with industries related to automobiles (Wilson was president of General Motors and Humphrey was closely tied to the steel industry) than those related to national defense. A highway construction program was considerably more congenial to them than something as exotic as earth-orbiting spacecraft. Moreover, the rationale used to justify the Interstate Highway System was national defense. I suspect the real reason the Eisenhower Administration did not push to build the world's first orbiting

[1] However, there are a few minor errors that should be corrected before a second edition is printed. The Titan rocket is not fueled by liquid oxygen and kerosene as implied, but rather by a storable hypergolic mixture. Retired General James McCormack never served as President of MIT; he was a vice president in the 1950s. It is George Rathjens, not Norman Rathjens, Roswell Gilpatric, not Ross Gilpatric, and Wolfgang Panofsky, not Panovsky. And anyone who has ever lived in Boston knows that the eatery in Boston where the Kennedy brothers used to meet in the 1950s is called Locke-Ober's, not Lochober's.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satellite is that it simply had other, higher defense priorities.

McDougall does point out, correctly, that a worldwide reconnaissance system has been a high priority of every administration since 1945, what with the Soviet penchant for extreme secrecy. Even as the remarkable U-2 reconnaissance aircraft took shape in Kelly Johnson's "skunk works," other people were already thinking about how to do the job from space. Thus the destruction of Gary Powers's U-2 in 1960 did not create a large "intelligence gap," thanks to the foresight exercised by some dedicated people during the Eisenhower years. Two of the three components of our space program, scientific research and worldwide reconnaissance, were therefore in place by the time the Russians launched Sputnik I in October 1957. The third component, national prestige, was introduced later, by President Kennedy.

In spite of the generally high level of scholarship McDougall displays, I have some trouble with the central theme of his book. *The Heavens and the Earth* is organized around the notion that the space effort transformed the United States into a "technocracy" and led directly to Lyndon Johnson's Great Society. He calls the latter a failure because it applied the "technocratic" method to the solution of the nation's social problems. These are dubious propositions at best. First of all, it is not clear that all the Great Society programs were failures. Indeed, the policies of the current Administration have probably locked most of the programs into place for all time. Furthermore, the alleged love affair with technology did not last long. The United States may have flirted with "technocracy" in the Kennedy-Johnson years, but after that we beat a hasty retreat. Most of the senior people in the Carter Administration, for instance, were skeptical of any technical solutions to the nation's problems (views generally shared by a President who was a trained engineer!). Perhaps the strongest technical initiatives taken during the Carter years were in the military space program. However, these were driven not by some technological imperative or concern over national prestige, but by the President's strong desire to persuade the Senate that the provisions of SALT II could be adequately verified.

The administrations after 1968 were not generally friendly to the nation's civilian space program. President Nixon had clear misgivings about the Space Shuttle and ordered the program cut substantially from the original NASA proposal before approving it in 1972. In 1979, when the Space Shuttle program was in financial trouble, President Carter almost canceled it; only the strong intervention of Secretary of Defense Harold Brown kept the program alive. And it took more than three years of persuasion to get the Reagan Administration to adopt the Space Station program. These examples hardly support the author's proposition that our government has become a prisoner of the technocrats.

The problem, I believe, is that McDougall confuses the trend toward what he calls "technocracy" with the activist, pro-government political approach of Presidents Kennedy and Johnson. We have had activist Presidents in the past: Andrew Jackson, James Polk, Abraham Lincoln, the two Roosevelts, probably Woodrow Wilson and Harry Truman. Most of these Presidents initiated major changes in policy (or "saltations" as the author likes to call them). The Panama Canal, begun in 1904 by President Theodore Roosevelt, was clearly a major technical initiative. The project cost $16 billion, in today's dollars, and took ten years to complete. The Apollo program was indeed larger than the Panama Canal by about a factor of four, but it was not unprecedented in our nation's history, as McDougall seems to imply. The Grand Coulee Dam, begun by Franklin Roosevelt in 1933, cost $5 billion in today's dollars, about half of what the Manhattan project, initiated ten years later, would cost. I wish McDougall had looked more carefully at some of these earlier large-scale programs. I suspect he would have found the space program entirely within American traditions. □

PREPARING FOR POWER: AMERICA'S ELITE BOARDING SCHOOLS
Peter W. Cookson, Jr. and Caroline Hodges Persell
Basic Books/$19.95

Malcolm Gladwell

In the early days of the Kennedy Administration, when Lyndon Johnson first met all the brilliant men of Camelot, he is said to have run to his friend Sam Rayburn, the Speaker of the House, in awe. Dean Rusk from Rockefeller! Robert McNamara from Ford! McGeorge Bundy from Harvard! "Well Lyndon," said Rayburn, "you may be right, and they may be every bit as intelligent as you say, but I'd feel a whole lot better if just one of them had ever run for sheriff."

Rayburn was, to his great credit, quite right. It was not easy to say, in 1960 or 1961 when the glitz was on, that you had doubts about Bundy and Rusk and McNamara. If all that flash, that polish, could fool Lyndon Johnson, who couldn't it fool? There was something very seductive about "the best and the brightest" in those days. It wasn't just that they were so smart and so young, because the smart and the young have always been attracted to politics. Nor was it simply that suddenly there seemed to be so many of them, because talent, in various forms, had been flocking to Washington since the New Deal. The difference was that these were men all of the same class, cut from the same Eastern cloth, pedigreed, prep schooled, and Ivy Leagued: Kennedy of Choate approached Robert Lovett of the Hill School to recruit Groton's McGeorge Bundy. In that tight circle there seemed to be great promise. This was not a random collection of talent; this was a phenomenon. It was the beginning of a new American breed of perfect public servant. And if you didn't like this set, why, there was always more where they came from.

Malcolm Gladwell is a frequent contributor to The American Spectator.

The Vietnam war, at least for a time, put an end to all this talk. The Harvard men, with their new ideas and slide rules, proved they did not understand life outside Washington, New York, and Cambridge. David Riesman called them "brilliant Atlantic provincials." Garry Wills sarcastically wrote that "first generation millionaires give us libraries, second generation millionaires give us themselves." David Halberstam painted a devastating portrait of them all in *The Best and the Brightest*, men who embodied the liberal contradictions of the era between "good intentions and the desire to use and hold power."

This was not, however, as effective a critique as it might have been because, by the usual standards, Halberstam and Riesman and Wills were anti-elitist for all the wrong reasons; they were using variations on the old striped-pants-eastern-intellectuals theme to attack the Vietnam war, and the real anti-elitists in America would never go for that. It was perfectly all right in conservative America to denounce the kids who were chanting and demonstrating and burning their draft cards as the children of privilege, but not the men who were running the battles from Washington. When it came to Vietnam, the same people, the same middle Americans, who used to make funny little noises whenever Dean Acheson was mentioned, now were the best and brightest's biggest supporters (which is, in a way, Vietnam's final irony: how a war started by the preppies came to be defended by the nerds).

On the subject of Vietnam, then, the American right decided that it would rather back the Kennedy intellectuals and be right than go with its instinc-

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tive anti-elitism and be wrong. And so the best and the brightest never really did catch the full brunt of the criticism, and when it came time to do penance they did so by doing the "proper" and the easy establishment thing: steering the Ford Foundation to the left, heading the World Bank, writing measured denunciations of the Reagan Administration in the pages of *Foreign Affairs*. They softened the meaning of the Vietnam experience, so that their mistakes in the sixties came to be seen not, as Halberstam said, as a reflection of their status and background but somehow as a betrayal of it—which means that today in America there is once again a quiet reverence for all that the wealthy and the well-connected are said to bring to public service. Today in America it is possible to make and to succeed with a television show called "Lifestyles of the Rich and Famous." It is also possible for two New York sociologists to write a book and call it, without a trace of irony, *Preparing for Power: America's Elite Boarding Schools*.

Peter Cookson and Caroline Persell are determined to prove the importance of America's sixteen or so elite prep schools—Groton, the Hill School, Andover, Exeter, Choate, among others. "Do the interpersonal relationships of preppies become interorganizational and interinstitutional, linking corporate boards, banks, industries, government cabinets, and philanthropic organizations?" they ask rhetorically. "If so, then they have the potential to shape issues and events on a national canvas." More than this, Cookson and Persell are convinced that the values and attitudes imparted by the prep school experience are fraught with social significance. In an increasingly hedonistic world, prep schools "are still trying to put some fiber into children." They emphasize discipline and asceticism. Daniel Bell is quoted: "That discipline is necessary for the mobilization of psychic and physical energies for tasks outside the self, for the conquest and subordination of the self in order to conquer others." Prep schools are preparing their students for power much, we are told, "as Aristotle sought to civilize and educate the young Alexander the Great for his role as world conqueror."

Not all of the book waxes so sycophantic, and certainly it never matches the drooling that went on over the preppies who peopled Kennedy's Camelot. Twenty-five years ago Joseph Kraft was so moved by the public spirit of McGeorge Bundy that only Milton seemed appropriate—"A Pillar of State; deep on his/front engraven/Deliberation sat, and publick care;/And princely counsel on his face." Cookson and Persell do not go that far, but, in their own way, they do approach Kraft's vision of a preppie *Paradise Lost*. "Daring, initiative, and excellence . . . are admired in the prep world," the book says at one point, "especially if it cleverly tweaks the nose of authority. And more than a few preps have ended up in the Central Intelligence Agency, including Andover graduate George Bush." This is the first time—although, one imagines, not the last—George Bush's CIA will be identified with daring, initiative, and excellence.

Cookson and Persell do not, in the course of their book, ever answer the question of whether being socialized for power and being groomed to be tomorrow's elite is, either for the rest of society or the people involved, a good thing. David Halberstam, of course, said it was a bad thing, and Vietnam proved this to be true. Ultimately, he said, all the values and education and breeding in the world were not as effective a preparation for power as, say, running for sheriff might have been. In fact, there are times when Halberstam seems to say that all the selflessness and the public service and the sense of duty that Groton and Exeter and Choate gave their graduates was really just a sham.

The Groton motto is "to serve is to rule," which refers of course to God, but it is possible that in this day and age God has been replaced by man and that all the civilizing and preparation is only to civilize and prepare young men and women to rule by serving themselves. The findings of a survey buried somewhere in the midst of Cookson and Persell's book do not allay this suspicion. There, on the ranking of "Life Goals Among Boarding School Students," down in the ninth and tenth positions, are "Working to correct social and economic inequalities" and "Being a leader in my community." Ahead of those goals are "Being successful in my line of work," "Having leisure time to enjoy my own interests," "Having children," and "Having lots of money," among others; behind public service on the prep school wish list is only "Living close to my parents and relatives," and "Getting away from this area of the country."

This is probably a more accurate picture of the new prep school product—no worse than any another group, perhaps, but certainly no better, and certainly unworthy of moral congratulation on the basis of breeding alone. Look at the three preppies on the top rung of the Reagan Administration ladder: George Bush, James Baker, and Malcolm Baldridge—distinguished public servants all, but nothing to hang a book on. *Poisoned Ivy*, Ben Hart's anguished letter to his alma mater, testified to the greatness of Dartmouth College by pointing to three of its most illustrious graduates—Daniel Webster, Robert Frost, and Nelson Rockefeller. His list sums up all this talk of best and brightest: its sweeping summation of the American elite takes us from a towering nineteenth-century intellectual, to a brilliant poet, to one of Garry Wills's second generation millionaires who graciously gave of himself when we may have been just as well off without him. The same could be said of *Preparing for Power*. □

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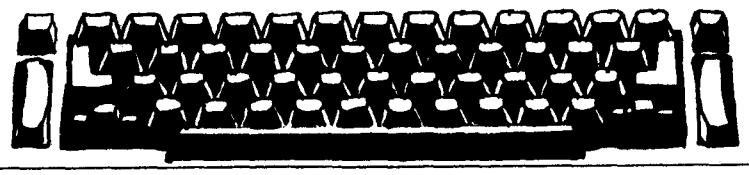

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BUT DO BLONDES PREFER GENTLEMEN? HOMAGE TO QWERTYUIOP AND OTHER WRITINGS

Anthony Burgess/McGraw-Hill/$24.95

Terry Teachout

Anthony Burgess has written approximately fifty-four books. (The adverb is not ornamental. One or two more have probably been published since this issue of *The American Spectator* was put to bed.) Twenty-eight are novels, two children's books, five translations, two plays, one a collection of verse, the rest nonfiction in its sundry forms. His work has earned him a modest measure of fame and a more than decent living on the Côte d'Azur. Yet Burgess's hold on the attention of the literary world has been exceptionally transient. None of his books has stood up to even the modest test of time provided by a decade or two; no re-evaluation of his burgeoning *oeuvre* appears likely. The problem clearly goes deeper than mere logorrhea or the absence of a definitive masterpiece. Why has Anthony Burgess failed to make a more lasting literary impression? *But Do Blondes Prefer Gentlemen?: Homage to QWERTYUIOP and Other Writings*, his latest book, goes a long way towards answering this vexing question.

Burgess's candid preface makes a very modest case for the publication of this book, a 608-page collection of occasional pieces most of which were originally occasioned by the urgent request of a checkbook-wielding literary editor for a thousand-word review:

> The reading and reviewing of books which, in the covenant I have always insisted upon, have been selected not by myself but by a literary editor, keeps my mind open to fresh ideas in both literary creation and criticism. . . . You are to open the book at any page and take what comes. The author took what came in living his journalistic life, and it would be pretentious to suppose there was a pattern in it.

A book which can be opened with profit at any page is eminently suitable for bedside use, and *But Do Blondes Prefer Gentlemen?* holds up reasonably well on this score. Burgess is, for instance, very sharp on feminism. ("Women don't believe there are neutral zones: what males call neutral they call male.") Some of his literary criticism like this offhand comment on John Steinbeck and Ernest Hemingway, is genuinely penetrating:

> Steinbeck was always luckier than Hemingway in his film adaptations. He loved the medium . . . because he had a gift for dialogue but no corresponding talent for a modern kind of *récit*: in film, *récit* is left to the camera. Hemingway's dialogue is less realistic than it looks, but his *récit* is nerve and bone and very original and new.

But there is not nearly enough substance to this collection. Graham Greene once called Burgess "an avid if undiscriminating reader," and he is all too clearly willing to write about anything he is sent, from *Selected Letters of James Thurber* to *The New Grove Dictionary of Music and Musicians* to Edmund Wilson's *The Forties*. The results are, to put it mildly, careless and superficial. The editors of *Ernest Hemingway: Selected Letters 1917-1961* and *Shaw's Music* are separately described as having done "the expected fine job of editing." A review of a volume of Dickens's letters starts off "The energy of the man!" *Ancient Evenings* is praised, *The Executioner's Song* panned. For every flash of insight there are a dozen unreliable summary judgments.

This book is littered with hints of why Anthony Burgess is so ineffectual as a critic. One of them can be found in the preface: "And the need to keep within the limit of a thousand words or so is, as with the composing of a sonnet, an admirable formal discipline. When I have typed three pages of typescript and a bit over, I know that my allowable quota has been filled." Another is the Orwellian reminiscence that incongruously appears at the beginning of an S.J. Perelman review:

> That's why, in bed on the floor (my only luxury is my address; I cannot afford French furniture), suffering, the other morning, from malaria and bronchial asthma, I was pleased when all this Perelman came with the 6 a.m. *courrier*. But, having read 776 pages pretty well nonstop by 5 a.m. the following morning (cable from New York: CAN YOU REVIEW BEST OF BERNARD LEVIN 1500 WORDS REPLY SOONEST), I felt that I wanted a damned good cry.

It is possible to write on demand and produce an *oeuvre* of lasting interest. G.K. Chesterton (on whom Burgess writes briefly and well) did exactly that. To succeed, though, it is absolutely necessary to have something to say that goes beyond the compass of the object of criticism proper. The occasional pieces of Evelyn Waugh, for instance, have a weight and gravity which derive from Waugh's underlying preoccupation with the permanent things. By comparison, the occasional pieces of Anthony Burgess—Irishman, lapsed Catholic, and Joyce addict—are little more than well-worded fluff. His artistic credo comes from Mallarme: "Literature isn't made with ideas, it's made with words." Mr. Burgess has no larger ideas; his criticism consists solely of point-to-point responses cloaked in words galore. Wilfrid Sheed, writing in *Max Jamison*, speaks of "the dreary business of accreting an opinion." Mr. Burgess has it backward: his opinions are excreted, and in volume.

Such an approach is necessarily personal, and abuses of personality are all too frequent in Burgess's work. The I-did-this anecdotal lead appears so often here as to make the reader wince on its eightieth repetition. ("I reviewed *Experiment in Autobiography* when it was first published by Gollancz in 1934. That was an amateur job, for the school magazine. I have reviewed fresh editions of it—professionally, but probably no better—and see no good reason for doing more than merely notice this reprint.") *But Do Blondes Prefer Gentlemen?* contains, by Burgess's own reckoning, a mere one-third of his journalistic output from the last seven years. It's no wonder that he should long since have been reduced to the syndicated columnist's feeble shuffle through the various ways of dragging in the first person singular.

Comparisons to Chesterton are not *prima facie* ridiculous, but this book suggests an altogether less comforting analogy. "It is no use being angry with Connolly," Edmund Wilson once wrote of Cyril Connolly, another prodigiously gifted Irishman who started out as a serious author and ended up a *feuilleton* machine. "Whatever his faults may be . . . he is one of those fortunate Irishmen, like Goldsmith and Sterne and Wilde, who are born with a gift of style, a natural grace and wit, so that their jobs have the freshness of *jeux d'ésprit*, and sometimes their *jeux d'esprit* turn out to stick as classics." Connolly managed to write two or three books of lasting value; Anthony Burgess, in a career infinitely more prolific, has had no such luck. Even *Earthly Powers*, a book clearly meant to serve as clinching masterpiece, was fumbled through garrulousness. Though *But Do Blondes Prefer Gentlemen?* is a far more modest undertaking, it is every bit as revealing of the witty, flawed artist within. □

Terry Teachout is an assistant editor of Harper's.

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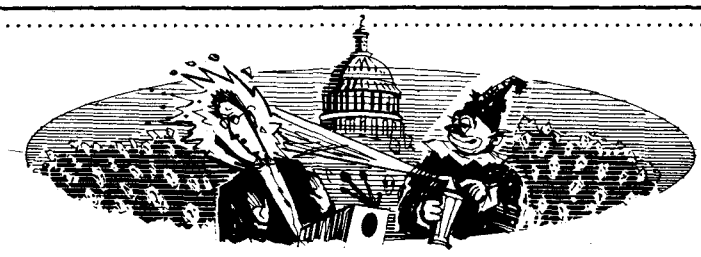

Peter, Paul and Mary added their names this January to the rolls of the more than 3,000 "messengers" who have been arrested at the South African embassy on Massachusetts Avenue. Several others—Peter's daughter, Mary's daughter, Mary's mother, a rabbi, and some Unitarians—went along for the ride. To kick things off, the movement held a media event *cum* rally on a tree-lined side street half a block down from the embassy. Bishop Desmond Tutu showed up to give his blessing, which brought out scores of press people—as many press people, in fact, as protesters. My own reasons for going were part personal, part professional, but mostly personal. Fulfilling a fantasy I've had since I first heard "Puff the Magic Dragon," I just wanted to see Peter, Paul and Mary get thrown in jail.

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Before the rally began, I disdained the perks and access allowed me as a highly respected member of the media community and situated myself instead in front of a group of school girls. The day was bitter cold, but the girls were having a wonderful time. They each wore a green armband (some wore two) and most carried signs that read, "Jerry Falwell doesn't speak for me." In the manner of young girls, their conversation was rapid-fire and giggly. One, about fourteen, admired another girl's sign, a broad, garish thing with an outline of South Africa on it. On its back was stamped: "Liberation Graphix." "That has got to be the cutest one I've seen," she said. "By far. It is so cute." The girl with the sign was obviously pleased but only shrugged. "You can get them anywhere," she said. Then, distracted by a mother pushing a stroller, she cooed, "Oh, look at that baby!" Another shouted, "Babies United Against Apartheid!" They began giggling. "Speaking of babies, where's Des baby? Des baby, where are yooooo?"

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Bishop Tutu, as he is more widely known, arrived late, driving up the side street in the Mayor's motorcade from the back way, out of the crowd's view. He sat in the limousine for several minutes, giving an exclusive interview to a reporter from the *Post*. Peter, Paul and Mary and several other celebrities —Pat Schroeder, the left-wing congressman from Colorado, Roger Wilkins from the Institute for Policy Studies, and the ubiquitous Mary Frances Berry of the U.S. Civil Rights Commission—gathered round and bowed and shuffled in front of Tutu when he finally stepped out of the limo. As is their wont, the protesters began chanting to pass the time: "Apartheid's wrong/Let's sweep it away./That's A-F-R [beat] I-C-A"; "Break the ties/[clap-clap-clap]/With Apartheid." They finally settled on a simple antiphony, probably because the white people present (they were a majority here) had no trouble following it: "Freedom Yes!/Apartheid No!" I moved to the back of the crowd, next to a young couple who looked like they were skipping classes at Georgetown. The girl leaned with her back against a tree, her boyfriend leaned against her; she held him tight. She chanted "Freedom Yes!" and he threw his head back in a mighty grimace, bellowing, "Apartheid No!" The chant continued for a minute or two, until a frenetic climax. Loud cheers and applause followed, and the boy wheeled around, pinned the girl against the tree, and kissed her deeply. She bent her knee slightly, taking him in as her right foot edged up the trunk of the tree.

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Throughout all this the press photographers—the shooters—grew impatient. Where was the action? Where was Tutu? They stood on a platform before the clump of microphones where the bishop would speak. "Bring him out, for Chrissake!" one photographer hollered. "What the hell are you waiting for?" Tutu eventually made his way through the crush of admirers, and as he emerged the cameramen came alive. You could hear their motor drives whirring in the cold. They shouted belligerently at anyone who dared come between them and Tutu and interfere with the public's right to know. Before Tutu spoke, Mary implored everyone to sing along with "Blowing in the Wind"—"even you in the press!" A photographer behind me chuckled and in a sinister voice said, "You bet, honey." Not that it would have mattered; once the song began Mary was the only thing you could hear. The years have not been pleasant to the trio, especially Mary who, though she still sports the trademark Roman helmet of straight blond hair, has taken on a few extra wrinkles, or maybe laugh lines, and a few dozen extra pounds. As she belted out the songs she wagged her head and threw her body from side to side, while the other celebrities struggled to anchor themselves against the assault of her weight.

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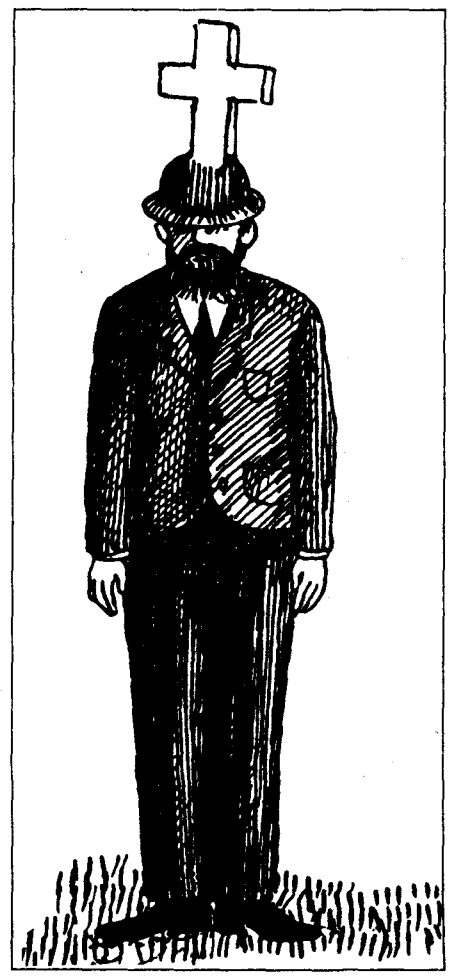
After Tutu's remarks, which were witty and brief, there were some concluding chants, and then the messengers boarded a beat-up school bus marked "First Rising Mount Zion Baptist Church" and were driven the half-block to the embassy. The cops checked our press passes and allowed us to scramble up Massachusetts Avenue where we could watch the arrest from across the street. In the embassy driveway, another dozen or so cops stood waiting by the open doors of a paddy wagon. "Hey Clarence," one of the shooters called over the traffic, "before you put them in the wagon turn 'em towards us so we can get a good shot. Parade 'em around for a little bit. I'll love ya for life." The cop gave him a blank look and turned around and patted his rear end. "You love me?" he shouted over his shoulder. "Then give me a kiss right here." The messengers stepped off the bus and huddled round the door of the embassy. Paul Stookey said some words into the call box. "Oh come on, idiot," said a guy in front of me, holding his camera aloft. "Just get it over with." "What do you care?" said another shooter. "You're probably out of film



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anyway." "I'm not as dumb as I look, asshole." "No. Nobody's that dumb." "Oh, yeah?" said the first fellow, "what about these guys?" The messengers got no response from inside the embassy, so they slowly walked to the parkway in front of us, arms intertwined, faces aglow, and began singing "We Shall Overcome": Paul, Peter and his daughter, the Unitarians, the rabbi, and in the middle, Mary's daughter, Mary's mother, and Mary, swaying her great body to and fro. A cop with a bullhorn gave them one perfunctory warning, then another. "Oh, sing it, mama!" said the shooter in front of me, his camera to his eye. "Sing it, you big fat pig!" One by one the cops gently helped them, still singing, into the paddy wagon.

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Lunch at the National Press Club with Wim Kok, rising star of the Dutch Labor party, one-time confidant of Lech Walesa, and according to our host a future prime minister of the Netherlands. As former president of both the largest Dutch labor organization and of the European Union Trade Federation, Kok is in the U.S. to study the "social effects" of "new technologies"—I take this to mean that organized labor in Europe is no less concerned about being displaced by high tech than is our own AFL-CIO. Still, the soft-spoken Kok is deadly serious: he is one fact-finder who has actually requested the help of the Congressional Research Service. So what's the first question thrown at him? *What about the missiles?* The ruling center-right government has already agreed to deploy 48 cruise missiles in 1988. Would a center-left government do the same? In Kok's view, the public has not yet been heard from on the matter. He would regard the election of a center-left government as a vote against the missiles. Consequently, he would request that the U.S. enter into "realistic discussion" with this new government on the future of the missiles. Is Kok aware of growing sentiment in the U. S. for withdrawal from NATO? He waves this off as preposterous. Has he stayed in touch with Walesa? No, not directly. You see, it would be very difficult. Increasingly one sees normalization. Already German and Austrian trade unions have met with representatives of the official Polish unions. "*Solidarność* is finished!" Does this mean that like Mitterrand he would have met with Jaruzelski? Somebody had to be first. That's reality. What does Kok think of Reagan? A fine actor, very good politician, but his economic policies will cause a recession by 1987. Kok's next stop: the United Nations. Funny how much you can learn over lunch.

• • •

For a piece of media-bashing that couldn't have come from Reed Irvine, read the following:

> My contention is that those of us in the media have developed a journalistic creed, an ideology of the First Amendment. The essence of our claim is that what we do is central to the health and survival of American society. We strongly imply that our claims come ahead of those of everybody else. We are better than other citizens; we have rights that are higher than those of the Congress, the executive branch, and even the courts. Thus we are saying that what's good for the media is good for the United States.

The author was none other than Joseph Kraft, writing in the May 1981 *Commentary*, in an article aptly titled, "The Imperial Media." Call it Kraft's fling with neoconservatism, an episode that passed unnoticed in the imperial media's obituaries of Kraft after his death on January 10. And though Kraft never again composed music of such sweetness, to his everlasting credit he remained a tolerant liberal, happy to do business with conservatives. He contributed to *Commentary*'s 40th anniversary issue last November, to *TAS*'s Christmas book section in 1983. Of late he was particularly receptive to speaking invitations from the pristinely conservative Hillsdale College and its Shavano Institute. He was the only liberal, in the words of former Shavano vice president John K. Andrews, Jr., "to take up the challenge to attend" Shavano's conference on moral equivalence in Washington last May (the same event that inspired the likes of Anthony Lewis, Tom Wicker, and Michael Kinsley to dismiss as absurd the notion that American liberals tend to view U. S. behavior as no different from the USSR's). In 1984 he spoke at two Shavano gatherings. I caught up with him in Santa Barbara, where he appeared with William Rusher, Warren Brookes, and Erik von Kuehnelt-Leddihn. He was supposed to lay out a liberal agenda for the 1980s. It amounted to a broadside into Reaganism—"recrudescence of the acquisitive spirit . . . the rich . . . greed . . . deficits . . . our children will pay," that sort of thing. Even the failure to restore the draft was a product of this "pervasive, corrosive" selfishness. Naturally, Kraft was pilloried by his audience, though not before he also remarked that "on the whole, I like what I see, very, very much." You figure it out.

• • •

One afternoon late last summer, not long after moving to Washington, I called the Kennedy Center to get tickets for a show. There was a long silence after I gave the ticket agent my preferred date. "Sir," she said at last, "are you aware that the Redskins are playing the Dallas Cowboys that night?" "Not really," I said, "but . . . " "It will be televised. On television." "Good. Can I get my tickets, please?" "You're sure you can make it?" she said. "Yes," I said, "I am. Actually, I'm a Bears fan anyway." I heard a sharp intake of breath, followed by another pause, still longer than the first. "I see," she said crisply, and got me my tickets with a professional contempt. It was the first of many, increasingly irritating encounters with Redskins fans. But none of it seemed to matter, finally, as I drove home from a friend's house after the Super Bowl. The empty streets were shiny in the rain, and an eerie silence fell. In Chicago, I was told, you could barely walk in the Loop, it was so crowded. —*GJN*

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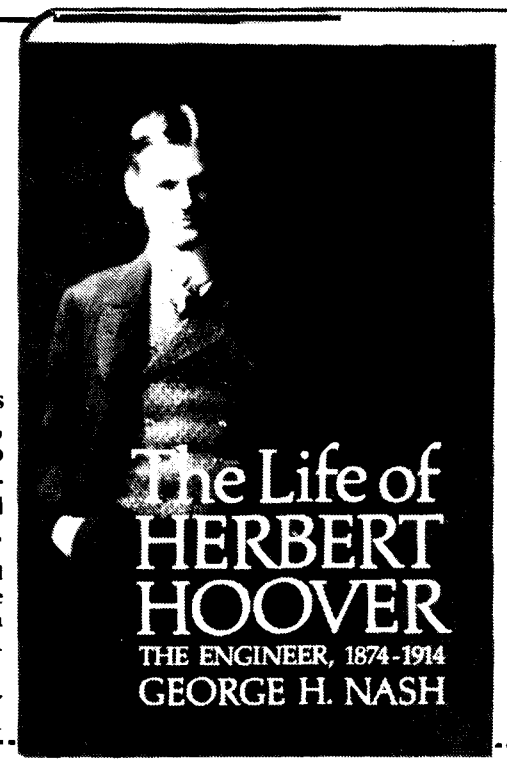

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PRESSWATCH
(continued from page 25)

either sexually or across ethnic lines—but he's just one of many cases in what sociologists are learning to call a major social trend toward middle American multi-ethnic bisexuality.

"I may try it for a while longer," says Joe with a grin. "Sure it's different. But isn't innovation what America is all about?"

Not everyone agrees. Peter Piper, 46, a pickled pepper picker, has still to be convinced . . . etc. etc.

Now, there is nothing at all wrong with quotes and anecdotes in news reports. Quite the contrary. They can add life and color to an otherwise bald and unconvincing narrative. But their status has to be very clearly realized. They are illustrations rather than proofs. A single anecdote or a clever quote does not in itself demonstrate the existence of a trend. Nor do several such since you cannot argue from the particular to the general. So if a trend is being reported, the story should contain some harder evidence that it is a trend in reality—and not merely in the reporter's copy.

In the *Times* story on West Germany's new conservative youngsters, two points were likely to mislead the incautious reader. The first was that the word "conservative" was used to mean a number of quite different things—including (a) politically conservative, (b) personally ambitious, (c) self-centered, (d) anxious for good grades, and (e) discreet in dress and behavior. Since we know there are such people as laid-back reactionaries and smartly dressed liberals, the fact that young West Germans now study hard and wear jackets and ties should not persuade us that U.S.-German friendship is safe and sound.

Indeed some of the examples, if they really indicated a trend, would be deeply worrying. For instance, Dieter Wulf, a 24-year-old psychology student at The Free University in Berlin "who had been deeply involved in the campaign against the missiles," delivered himself of this opinion: "I decided this year that I didn't want to be a peace bureaucrat. I've come to understand that mass movements are short-term and at best can attain only partial success."

No offense to Dieter who is doubtless as personally ambitious, well-dressed, and anxious for good grades as any Manhattan yuppie, but that remark sounds less like a conversion to conservatism than the first step on the "long march through the institutions."

The second misleading point was the hard scientific evidence of German opinion. An opinion poll of young West Germans between the ages of 16 and 20 showed that 25 percent of them expressed sympathy for the radical Greens—but a much larger 71 percent sympathized with the established parties. This was interpreted by various "experts" to show a "stabilization" of radical values, some persistence of older leftist views from the seventies, perhaps a decline of radicalism, certainly no "extension" of it.

But when we break down the figures for the "established parties," what do we find but the largest segment of support, 38 percent in fact, going to the Social Democrats—now much more leftist than in the halcyon days of Helmut Schmidt. Adding up the support for the Greens and the SPD, we discover that 63 percent of West German youths now support parties committed to radical leftist values. If *that's* an improving trend, things must be even worse than we conservative pessimists thought. □

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CORRESPONDENCE
(continued from page 7)

Trident submarine launched missile (the D-5 SLBM), stealth bombers, and cruise cannot perform this mission (an assumption that should draw much fire to Mr. Lord but which we will also assume true for debate's sake). Presumably, negating Soviet warheads is a plus because Soviet weapons which are destroyed cannot be launched at us.

Lord then borrows on the President's SDI strategy to suggest that MX be actively defended by multiple layers of defensive systems—which are also negators or killers of Soviet ICBMs (and submarine launched missiles). The inconsistency is evident. If we would have the capability with a successful defense, of negating Soviet missiles or re-entry vehicles in the first place, why use them to protect offensive negators? Why not simply use these same defensive weapons and the many more defensive missiles or RV killers we can buy with the funds we would otherwise spend for the offensive negators and protect the nation's value even better? Offensive missions other than attacking Soviet ICBMs are apparently, from Lord's analysis, already adequately performable by our submarines and bombers.

The President's SDI strategy makes a great deal of sense. The MX strategy has not yet made such sense as evidenced by the resistance to acceptance in the Congress and the public forum. Lord's argument of active defense of U. S. MX ICBMs in order to preserve them for the Soviet ICBM-killer role necessitates a successful SDI system of ICBM killers in the first place, rendering unnecessary ICBM killers of an offensive nature which are replete with problems of early launch, empty holes, and other ambiguities of targeting. If SDI works, Soviet missiles do not arrive on U. S. targets and who needs MX? If SDI doesn't work, MX is killed and who needs MX?

The MX issue remains unresolved, unless one is willing to accept Lord's closing canonical pronouncement that whether the U. S. proceeds with strategic defenses or whether arms are controlled (and perhaps whether anything else) "the maintenance of a survivable and effective ICBM force throughout the rest of the century will remain a fundamental requirement of American policy."

—D. A. Paolucci
President, Santa Fe Corporation
Alexandria, Virginia

The article by Carnes Lord, "The MX in an Age of Defense," is of the first importance in the ongoing SDI debate. Its crucial contribution is to posit the thesis that the transition from offensive deterrence to the multi-layered defensive deterrence envisioned by the SDI will extend over decades and that, consequently, the maintenance in the interim of a survivable ICBM offensive deterrent force "will remain a fundamental requirement of American policy throughout the rest of the century" as an integral element of a combined offensive-defensive strategy.

Dr. Lord cogently argues that the MX is an indispensable component of our retaliatory deterrent force to a Russian first-strike and that both MX and Minuteman ICBMs can now be adequately defended by both passive and active measures. *Passive* defense can be greatly enhanced by such means as hardening the missile silos by as much as fifty times by a revolutionary technique to make them virtually invulnerable; by deploying MXs in closely spaced silos, compounding the problems of "fratricide"; and by retrofitting some Minutemen with advanced MX guidance technology to increase hard-target accuracy.

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It is Dr. Lord's call for providing for *active* defense of our ICBMs and command and control centers that links up the offensive-defensive strategy he proposes with the SDI. The SDI projects three main layers of defense: the initial boost, the mid-course and terminal phases. The first two *space-based* layers, which could provide a comprehensive national defense, cannot be deployed until after more than a decade of research and development.

However, terminal defense, which is *land-based*, can effectively defend our retaliatory ICBMs and strategic centers ("point defense") against a first-strike and thus provide a credible defensive deterrent *right now*, with already existing anti-ballistic missile (ABM) systems ready for early deployment. (An even more remarkable advanced ABM was successfully tested in June 1984 and will soon enter production.)

Dr. Lord asks pertinently, "Why not *begin*, then, with a terminal layer designed to protect Minuteman, MX, and perhaps other critical military targets?" (my emphasis)—thus providing the nation in short order with the first concrete development of an effective offensive-defensive strategy that will restore strategic stability, instead of waiting for the space-based defenses that are decades of research and development down the road while, in the meantime, leaving the nation defenseless against a Soviet first-strike.

An article I wrote for *Freedom at Issue* in 1985 entitled "Negotiating with the Russians: Geneva Prospects" was on a parallel track. I proposed: (1) that the U. S. deploy the 100 land-based ABMs permitted under the ABM treaty to defend the MX missiles to be emplaced; (2) that at Geneva, the U.S. seek agreement by the Soviet Union to amendment of the Treaty to permit both nations to deploy nationwide *land-based* point-defense ABM systems; and (3) that simultaneously both sides agree to sharp staged reductions in offensive nuclear weapons with primary emphasis on reduction and ultimate elimination of first-strike-capable missiles.

My article also drew attention to the experts' warning of the very real danger of a sudden Soviet "break-out" of an already existing ABM system to defend their first-strike silos and command and control centers against a retaliatory strike, thus adding a defensive monopoly to their present offensive superiority and presenting us with the prospect of having to choose between destruction and surrender. It is only by adopting the offensive-defensive strategy outlined by Dr. Lord that we can safely avoid facing this frightful choice. Our first task must be to assure our survival by restoring a stable deterrence until the full SDI program can be put into place.

—Elias M. Schwartzbart
U.N. Correspondent, Freedom at Issue
Freedom House
New York, New York

Reactions to Bethell

Tom Bethell's recent column "Arabesque" in your November 1985 issue failed to complete the circle. In doing so, the column proved mightily offensive. For the offense is simple. I am an American and a Muslim. Mr. Bethell's article joins other *American Spectator* numbers in attacking our religion.

Many American Muslims and young Muslims living in autocratic societies find much to admire in the American political tradition. Some of us are even inclined to share the general political and economic views as voiced in *The American Spectator.* But Mr. Bethell demonstrates a great ignorance of Islam. As a result, he fails to understand that Muslim political theorists can borrow from the American experience—especially since many of the liberal democratic experiments performed in America and the free market economics most closely followed in America are enjoined by the Quran or permitted by it.

(continued on page 49)

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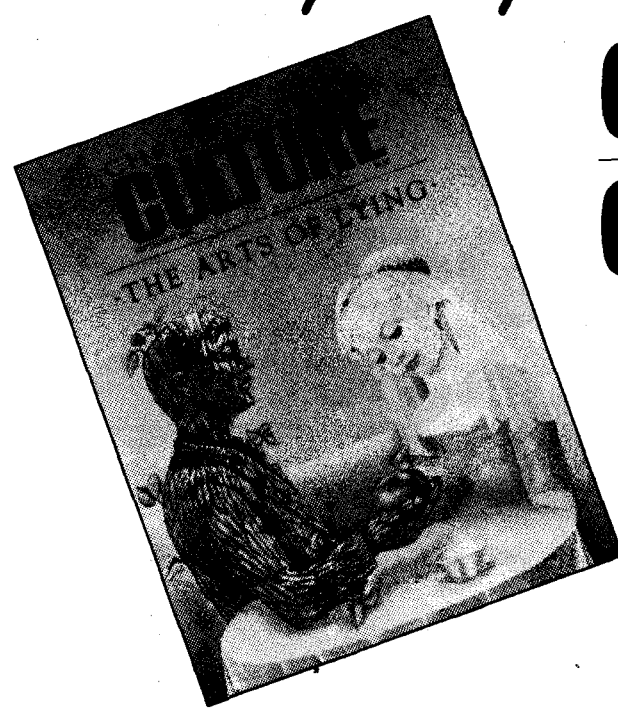

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CORRESPONDENCE
(continued from page 47)

The idea of extra-legal mullah classes is peculiar to Shia Islam and even then is the exception in theory. Were Mr. Bethell slightly educated about Islam, he would know that the Shia form only 4 percent of the world's one billion Muslims. More importantly, were Mr. Bethell interested, he would realize that the possibility exists for the West to influence political and economic events in Islamic countries by reaching out to our common ideas.

Consistently, the Western press refuses such opportunities. The result is that those young Muslims in the East with access to the Western press find it offensive. They pay less attention to it and the many good ideas that it conveys. And then, you have lost your chance to make a positive impact and you have invited your nightmares to take place.

Coincidentally, Mr. Bethell's rather derogatory view of the American Arab Anti-Discrimination Committee conference misses another important point. All immigrants—Jews, Irish, Italians, whoever—have formed similar lobbies. And as often as not, they are lobbies of the well-off for their cousins overseas. Frequently, these same lobbies are chock full of leftists and people who lack any common heritage with the people for whom the lobby was formed.

Thus, for me, Mr. Bethell has lost all credibility. And you have lost my subscription. A pity. You do have so many other interesting views and ideas which I like to share here in the Middle East.

—Steven T. Thomas
Manama, Bahrain

In his January entry under "Capitol Ideas," Tom Bethell remarks that he is aware of "absolutely no explanation" for the propensity of so many "educated people" in the West to align themselves with the Soviet slave state.

Absolutely? Well, the ontology of it all eludes me as much as it does Tom Bethell, but *some* explanation of the phenomenon has been around for quite a while, nor is the phenomenon "fantastic"—although I would grant that it *is* very weird.

Consider Shafik Handal, the Communist leader of El Salvador's FSLN insurgency. Mr. Handal, while traveling through the United States some years ago to garner support from the elegant left, found it disagreeable to be too long in the company of these "educated people." In a diary found among captured documents, Handal calls them "rogues" beset with "a lot of personal problems." In other words, the old Leninist categories of "useful idiot" and "left infantilism" are not sufficient explanation even for a Communist (or at least not for the kind who keeps a diary).

The reason for all the befuddlement, I think, is that the only adequate explanation centers on morality, which is out of range of the rationalist optic. Many "educated people" in the West have an affinity for the Soviet Union because of nothing more (nor less) profound than their own arrogance, willful ignorance, and vanity. And that's as far as any explanation can go: the phenomenon is a symptom of moral failings, and nothing is more characteristic of immorality than its attraction to the lie—whence the puzzling increase of attraction to the Soviet Union even as its failures and falsehoods and horrors become patent.

The sticky part is the difficulty of combating immorality: it's hard to fight against others' moral failings without jeopardizing one of the principles in whose defense one takes up the fight: "Judge ye not . . . " (Matt. 7:1). Those who believe in (or at least are subliminally motivated by) the Western moral tradition are constrained, in the particular instance, to judge only action, not intent. They may be convinced (as I am) that an entire cultural tendency in the West is driven chiefly by arrogance, willful ignorance, and vanity—but those who oppose the tendency must often see their efforts hobbled by the very decency that they're trying to defend: their tradition tells them that they dare not pretend that they have windows to see through to the souls of others.

As for the "explanation" of the phenomenon—that, I think, belongs to the work of imaginative literature, wherein is the best chance to explain moral imbecility without stumbling into an imbecile moralism.

Paul Hollander, who has chronicled the astonishing behavior of "political pilgrims" during this century, admits that he is stumped by their motivation, and he wonders vaguely why some people but not others are prone to the behavior. Perhaps Hollander is stumped because, constrained by principle as well as by the limits of empirical analysis, he dare not carry his explanation any further than his rather shopworn references to self-delusion and utopianism.

Perhaps Bethell would have the explanation he craves if Hollander were a novelist as well as a scholar.

—John R. Dunlap
San Jose, California

White Like Me

Joe Mysak's lips must be awfully tired from trying to read E.B. White, judging from "The Great White," his comments on the author in the January issue. His ignorance of White's writing is all too apparent. Maybe Mysak can write about Bond Buying, of all things, but should he try to write about any other subject, someone should be at hand to break his pencils or unplug his word processor.

—George A. Huhn
Devon, Pennsylvania

Crisis Humor

I am an ardent conservative with a healthy sense of humor and since my (poorly timed) Ivy League education in the late sixties have been troubled by liberals' humorless, self-righteous stances on most issues. "The Continuing Crisis" continues to offend me on the opposite extreme. Its December offering includes five tasteless references to the recently deceased, three of which I find completely gratuitous, plus a sickening attempt to find humor in an apparently blameless man having his hand destroyed by a shark.

It bothers me that, in times when we conservatives are forever defending ourselves against liberals' lame attempts to portray us as callous and insensitive, our credibility is so undermined, especially by a magazine so otherwise scholarly and healthfully humorous that I am as yet unwilling to back up my objection with a cancellation request.

—Stephen R. Fahey
Arlington, Virginia

Query

"The Gargoyle Years." A memoir of the celebrated Gargoyle Club in Soho, created by David Tennant in the twenties and of which he remained ringmaster for some thirty years, has been commissioned by publishers Weidenfeld and Nicholson. The authors would be glad to receive recollections, impressions, and anecdotes from those who went there at any period under any circumstances. All material (including graphics) sent to Michael Luke at 22 Eaton Square, London SW1W 9DE will be gratefully acknowledged and returned.

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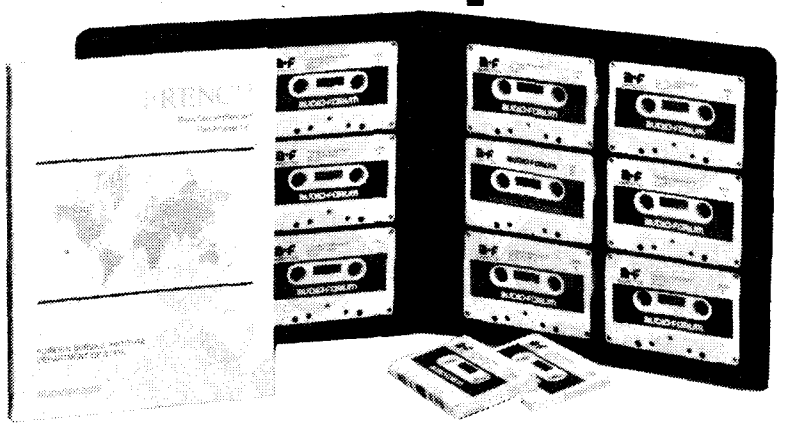

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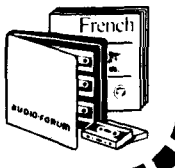

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CURRENT WISDOM

Great Books Series

Psychohistorian and phrenologist Lloyd deMause "enters" the public debate with a "penetrating" analysis and "shows how hard it is" for "laymen" to understand why they should be "soft" on Communism:

It was sometimes even possible to find the hidden sexual content in Reagan's speeches on international politics. Just as earlier he saw "sexual orgies and communism" linked at Berkeley, so, too, as President he imagined that "The Soviet Union underlies all the unrest that is going on. If they weren't engaged in this game of dominoes, there wouldn't be any hot spots in the world."

Although the term "hot spots" is sometimes used as a synonym for "trouble spots," during Reagan's formative years in the Midwest it had a more frequent meaning: "hot spots" were *sexy places*, such as nightclubs or brothels, where one goes for some "action." Similarly, the use of the "domino" metaphor is an image right out of childhood, for though Russians don't play dominoes, most Americans did in their childhood. So when Reagan says that the Russians are having all the fun, playing dominoes and getting into all the "hot spots," he is using the Russians as containers for his own repressed id wishes. And then when he asks Americans to join him in a crusade to wipe out these "Russian hot spots," he is using the language of his puritanical mother, who taught him always to control his emotions and never, never give in to them lest he become like his alcoholic father.

[From Reagan's America, *by Lloyd de Mause, Creative Roots, 1984]*

The Humanist

At the legendary Nairobi conference ending the United Nations' Decade of Women, the lovely Riane Eisler beholds the dawn of Pax Femina:

A striking example of this new leadership style at work was in the manner in which former U.S. Congresswoman Bella Abzug stood up to and faced down a Kenyan government official, who was backed by sub-machine-gun-bearing police, at a midnight confrontation in the New Stanley Hotel. . . . As Abzug told the Kenyan government representative in a dramatic midnight showdown, following a meeting of the NGO women at the New Stanley Hotel, "If you try to get us out of these hotel rooms we've paid for, you'll have to drag us out, which will make world headlines and give Kenya a million dollars worth of bad publicity. Or you can accept our plan of letting the NGO women move in three to a room, which we have established will free enough rooms for the official delegates and solve both our and your problem."

In this and countless other ways, women at the conference could see that by organizing, by working together, we can overcome formidable obstacles.

[November/December 1985]

Los Angeles Times

More cruel anti-Iowa stereotyping, this time from sensitive Steven Zak, Friend of the Whale:

"The Tonight Show" has never been a wellspring of sensitivity, but a recent show (Oct. 24) reached new depths.

The subject was the hump-back whale who was then still stranded in the Sacramento River, his life hanging on the attempts of volunteer rescuers to herd him back out to sea.

Carson began by describing with mock solemnity the plight of the whale, then offered his "plan" to save the creature's life: He played a recording of whale mating cries—which, in any other context, would have been haunting and wondrous—then invited the studio audience to imitate those cries "to chase the whale out to sea."

The audience, probably in town from Iowa and eager to join in the big-city fun, responded with an astonishing display of callous buffoonery, howling and clapping. . . .

—Steven Zak
Los Angeles
[November 10, 1985]

Boston Globe

Sixty-eight years down the totalitarian pike with the Bolsheviki and Kremlinologist Randolph Ryan indefatigably heaves up ever more hopeful sonorities for Ivan's statecraft:

His growing power is that his country, which used to behave as an outsider and a thug and still has a bad record in some respects, is now regularly out-pointing the United States, not in propaganda but in diplomacy, especially in the crucial matter of arms control.

The Russians are now offering substance that many find more attractive than the substance offered from Washington. To write that off as a matter of style, ploys and peace offensives is self-deception. As the verdict of public opinion comes in—from Europe, from the Third World, and even from an informed American public—the confusion of style and substance may have a high cost.

[November 25, 1985]

Playboy

Mr. Hodding Carter III, dashing playboy and man of letters, manifests the early stages of Franz Schubert's disease:

In ways that would have been unthinkable ten years ago, five years of the Reagan Presidency has [sic] given new hope to America's bigots and renewed legitimacy to the sly slogans of white supremacy. If it is not precisely a return to the time of Redemption, that tragic period in the 1870s when Washington turned its back on the black South and allowed white Southerners to reconstruct slavery in a new guise called Jim Crow, it is not because the President and his men have not tried.

[January 1986]

Village Voice

Still more incogitant deceits from Mr. Pete Hamill, novelist and one of New York state's public utilities of tosh:

We know one thing that the cold war is *not* about, and that's freedom. If the United States government truly cared about freedom it would not only rail against the colonies of the Soviet Union, but would land the CIA and the Green Berets to overthrow the present governments of South Africa, Chile, Paraguay, South Korea, and the Philippines, among many others. Instead, the cold war has allowed Reagan and Co. to debase the word "freedom" by using it to describe the old Somoza cutthroats who are now leading the contras with the help of the CIA. Freedom is to a freedom fighter what fire is to a fire fighter.

[November 26, 1985]

Parade

A diplomatic answer to a not-very-bright question from Fran of Kansas City:

Q. How old is John Kenneth Galbraith, the Harvard economist, and why was he never awarded a Nobel Prize in economics?—Fran Kay, Kansas City, Mo.

A. Galbraith, 77, emeritus professor of economics at Harvard, is a learned and witty writer on many subjects, including economics. Apparently the Nobel Memorial Prize committee has not judged his contributions to economics, at least at this point, to be sufficiently original to merit a laureateship.

[December 15, 1985]

Harvard Crimson

The Pauline Kael of the colossal *Crimson* weighs the aesthetic worth of Reagan Art:

Commando is a movie-industry manifestation of Reagan era jingoism. The capitalists in Tinsletown [sic] want to cash in on the rising tide of cultural bias. Thus, the emerging genre of movies that are cinematic representations of the ultra-conservative Id. This new genre usually features an actor such as Schwarzenegger, Stallone or some other symbol of the American y-chromosome bounding about blasting anyone with an accent or a darker skin tone. *Commando* is such a byproduct of political isolationism and flat-out hate.

[November 8, 1985]

Washington Post Magazine

Philosophical outpourings from the open road fit for the ears of Senator Lowell Weicker:

For me, out on the freeway surrounded by dark satanic chemical refineries, I will continue to search my radio dial for the best of a rock 'n' roll that affirms my sensuality in the midst of a consumer and militarist culture bent on destroying it.

[November 3, 1985]

New Republic

After reflecting nostalgically on the moribund notion of the citizen as servant to the state, Mr. Henry Fairlie, mentor to Hitchens and Cockburn, delivers some bad news for the Joint Chiefs of Staff:

In contrast, the current administration has drained, drop by drop, almost all *dignitas* and *gravitas* and *pietas* from the public discourse in America. With the idea of citizenship all but submerged in appeals to private pursuits, private satisfactions, the private sector, the most Reagan could hope to lead against a real enemy would be a herd of the Gadarene swine.

[February 3, 1986]

New York Times

The Hon. Joseph R. Biden Jr., earnest striver and leading Democratic presidential candidate, addresses the issues:

"It's time we hear the sound of our country singing and soaring in the dawn of a new day," he told the Iowa Democrats last month at their Jefferson-Jackson Day dinner. "It's time to restore America's soul. It's time to be on the march again. It's time to get America on the move again. Our time has come."

[December 19, 1985]

New Age Journal

The celebrated authoress of *The Color Purple*, Miss Alice Walker, sends off a gorgeous dithyramb on behalf of a civilization that in its loftiness never did come out with the wheel or, for that matter, a tomahawk-swinging J. S. Bach:

She sees a similar envy at the root of relations between the races. "I was out at the hearing in South Dakota for Dennis Banks, the Native American activist who was wanted for rioting, you know? After nine years on the run he'd finally turned himself in. . . . Anyway, on one side of the courtroom there were all these straight white men, sitting there like grey concrete blocks.

"Then there was Dennis, with his long braids, his red cloak, and of course his Nikes—cause he just *loves* to run, right?" She smiles. "He and the other Indians in that room, though they were only dressed in old blankets and stuff, were *so* beautiful and dignified compared with the people judging them.

"So I can see why the white people who came to this land were envious of the Native Americans. They saw that they were not only wealthy in terms of land—which they didn't consider themselves as owning anyway—but also that they were rich in honor, in truth, and integrity. Even the greediest among them wouldn't do to the land a tenth of what has been done by white men. If you can't appreciate that kind of integrity, if you can't appreciate the culture that produced Black Elk, Crazy Horse, and Dennis Banks, then you have to say they're savages. . . ."

[May 1985]

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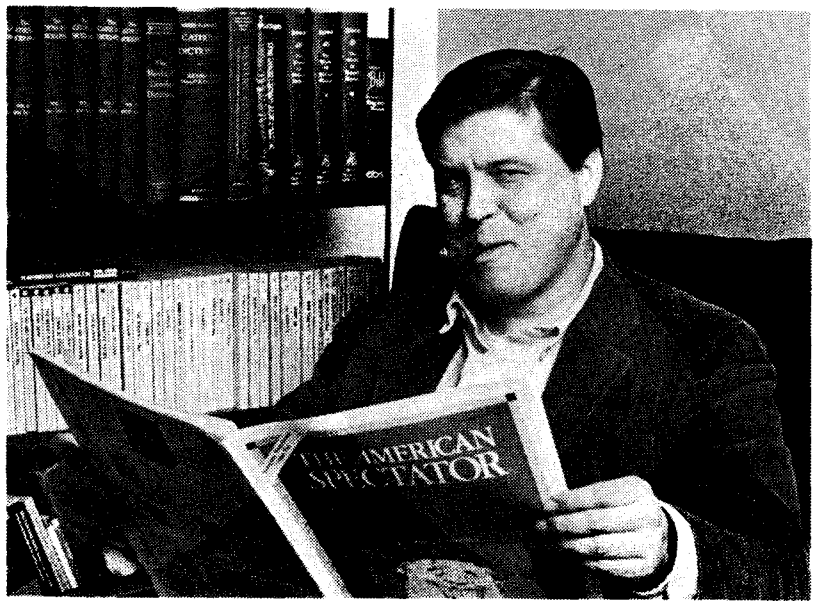

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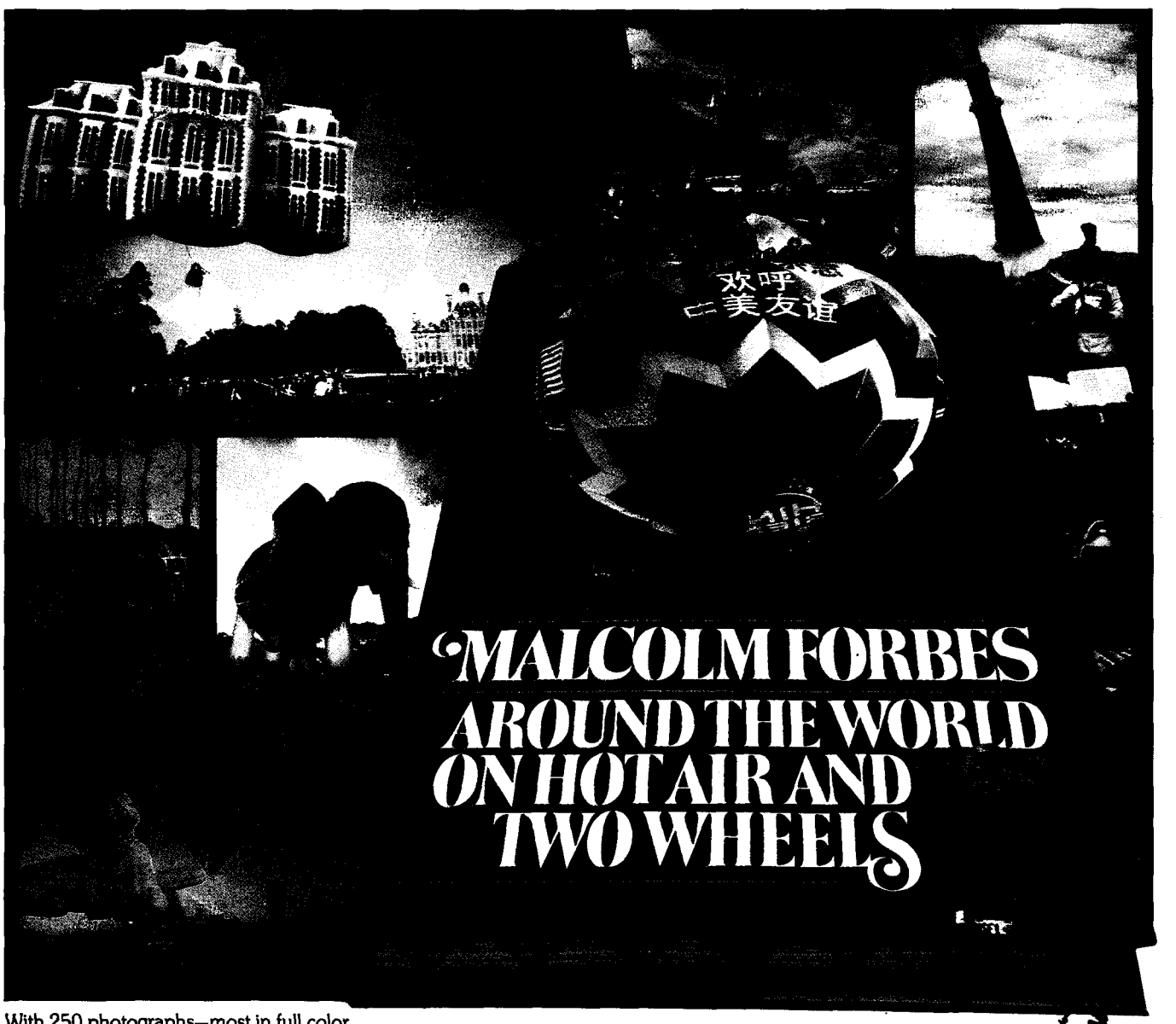

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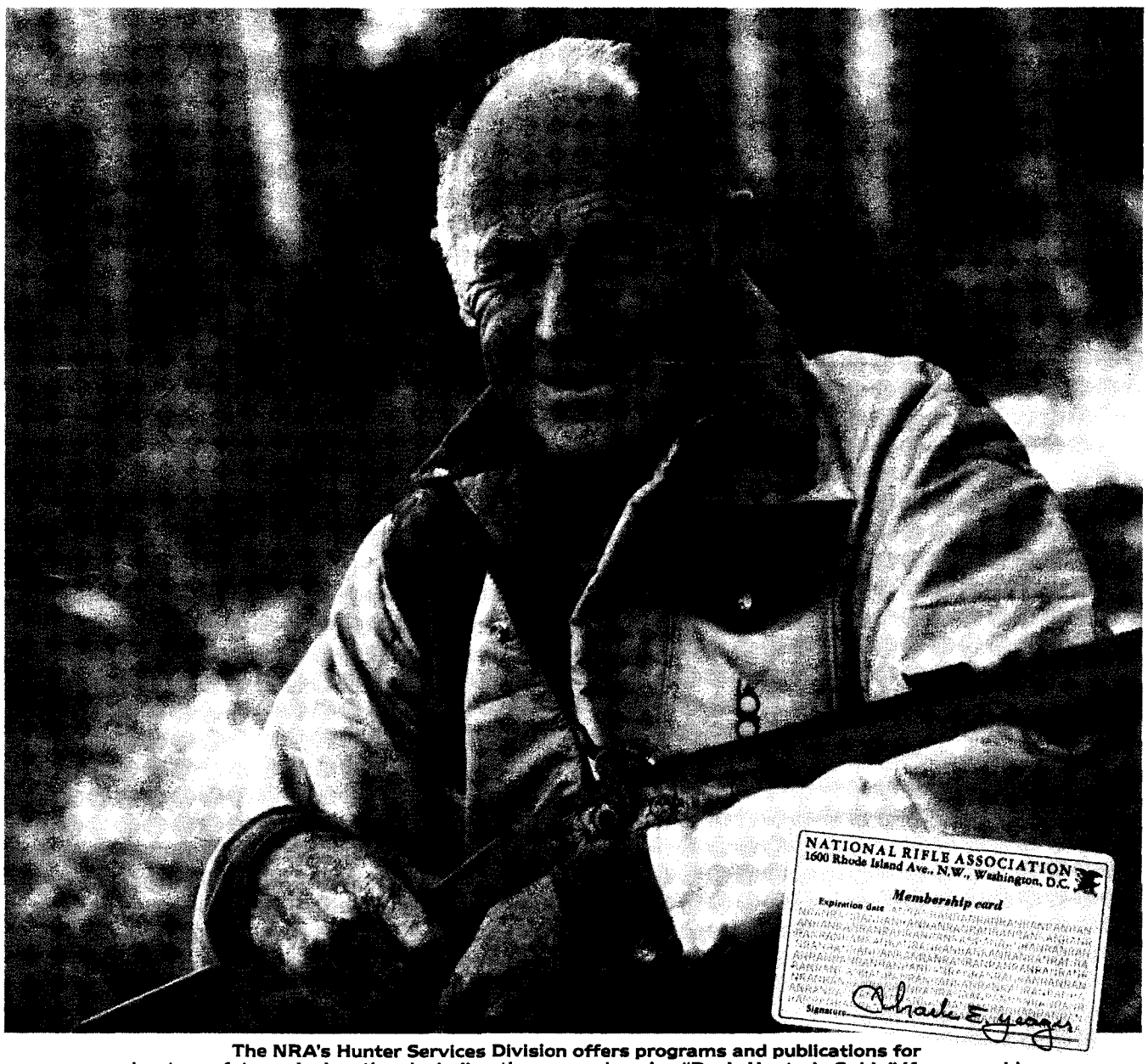

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